

Sports Illustrated



APRIL 24, 1978

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



MRS. M STOOD UP THE TROOPERS, BUT NOT GIVENS AND HALL

A report on the Kentucky Wildcats' tortuous trip to the NCAA basketball championships begins on page 78, and it is appropriate that it was Associate Editor Barry McDermott who undertook the odyssey with the team. Kentucky born and bred, Barry grew up in Covington, a long jumper from Cincinnati. His dad exercised horses, played semipro baseball and, it has been said, made a little book. But his mom was, and is, the family's sports fiend. There are legions of Kentucky folk who have religiously followed the Cats for decades and have never seen a game. "Until a few weeks ago," says Barry, "one of them was my mother."

For 42 of her 59 years, Dorothy B. McDermott has been getting up at 5 a.m. to work as a waitress. It is this schedule, not the quality of the Wildcats' play, that makes her fall asleep while listening to Kentucky games on the radio, but she invariably awakens in the wee hours and retunes her bedside Zenith ("Barry gave it to me. He loves me") to get the final score. Ditto the scores of Cincinnati games, the Reds being another of Mrs. McDermott's favorite teams. Each Christmas Barry gives his mother 50 tickets to Reds games. One year he tried to throw her a changeup in the form of a dishwasher, but Dorothy B. got hysterical—and Barry got back on the ticket line.

As for the Wildcats, a few weeks ago Kentucky Coach Joe B. Hall heard that Barry's mother was one of those fanatical Wildcat supporters who had never seen a game, and he said he would send the State Police to take her in a cruiser to the Midwest Regionals in Dayton.

(Mrs. McDermott, assuming the offer had been made in jest, went ahead and arranged her own transportation.) When the Cats barely beat Michigan State, she told Hall that the game had been "a thrill, but I was scared." She got just as big a thrill later when Jack Givens, her favorite player, led Kentucky to the NCAA title with a 41-point performance in the finals at St. Louis. Dorothy B., back home at TV-side for that game, rejoiced, saying, "He was just showin' off for me!"

McDermott says his mother was an "extremely vocal fan at my Little League baseball, football and basketball games. I was glad she couldn't whistle, or she would have made an even bigger spectacle of herself."

Not that Barry gave Mrs. McDermott—a high school cheerleader in her day—much to whistle about. He excelled primarily at washing basketballs for his team. When he started high school, he decided that studies, not athletics, might be his strength. They were, says Dorothy B., until his junior year, when "he discovered cars and girls." Those interests have endured, as has Mrs. McDermott's love of sports, which was sparked when her three energetic boys were small. It grew when son Ronnie played forward on the Covington Catholic High School basketball team and is nurtured these days by Barry's line of work.

"She's a sports nut," says Barry. "But, hey, she's my mom."

Sack Meyer

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BOOKTALK

by RON RAU

MEET THE HALLOWED FOUR, THE DEADLY DOZEN AND THE RAT-FACED McDUGALL

Catskill Flyter, subtitled "My life, times, and techniques," by Harry Darbee with Mac Francis (Laphricott, \$8.95) is both an autobiography and a history of fly-fishing in the Catskill waters. It would be impossible to separate the two, although Darbee—an angler and a professional flytier—is a better flytier than he is a writer. He is, indeed, one of the nation's foremost flytiers, so saying that he cannot write as well as he ties is nitpicking, with more than 60 years of fishing behind him, what Darbee lacks in style is compensated for in knowledge of his subject.

The book consists of technical know-how and Catskill vignettes, bolstered by several pages of drawings and photographs, plus a fine flytying and fishing bibliography of 76 titles, with a short critique of each. Some anecdotes are told in what might be described as backwoods Catskill. Speaking of Herman Christman at 80 "one of the hallowed four" of Catskill flytying, Darbee says, "I walked over to say hello, and by damn if he didn't introduce me to his brand-new bride. The old cuss had gotten married again."

But when Darbee gets down to the technical flytying chapters, he is all business. Be warned, they are not meant for the novice. Darbee tells us that one thing he vowed never to do was to "write a book on the basic principles and methods of flytying." He has kept his word. These chapters, roughly half the book, were written far, and are invaluable to, the journeyman flytier.

Darbee tells about and diagrams his and his wife's special techniques for tying wet and dry flies, for handling deer hair and for dubbing. Included are the Darbees' favorite "Deadly Dozen" patterns, as well as some advice on what newcomers face if they should want to earn money tying flies. There is, of all things, also a chapter on "Running a Hackle Farm," i.e., raising your own chickens for the feathers. But even if you do not care to raise your own feathers—if you merely wish to fish and have started to tie your own flies—this book will be useful. For those who are curious about the marvelous names given to flies—the Rat-faced McDougall, for instance—one can't do better than read Darbee.

For my taste, there are far too few fishing tales, certainly not 60-plus years' worth, and those that are shared with the reader are occasionally far too sketchy. I felt that Darbee, for reasons of his own, perhaps, was pulling his punches. The book only hints of high times—flask-passing and good old Huck Finn fun, Catskill style. One longs for more. **END**

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

ETAOIN SHIRDLU

The women's softball team for the News-Journal newspapers in Wilmington, Del. is known as the Ms. Prints.

THE HAMMER

The eccentric Charlie Finley has a 16-year-old high school student serving as an "executive vice-president" of the A's. "That's what Mr. Finley calls me," says Stanley Burrell, a sophomore at McClymonds High School in Oakland. "He phones me every day." Burrell was interviewed by Loel Schneider of the Long Beach Independent Press Telegram last week, and as the youngster told it, he first attracted Finley's attention four years ago when he was "doing a wild dance" in the parking lot. Finley subsequently nicknamed Burrell "the Hammer" because, at least to Charlie O., Burrell looks like Hank Aaron.

The Hammer accompanied Finley to Anaheim for the season opener against the Angels and, according to Schneider, ran notes to Manager Bobby Winkles during the game. Later in the week, when the A's were back in Oakland, the Hammer broke off a press-box interview during the top of the fourth to take a call in Finley's private box. It was the boss phoning from Chicago, and Finley kept his veep on the phone for the rest of the game. When it was over and Oakland had won its fifth straight, the Hammer went to the locker room to speak to Winkles before resuming the interview.

Officials on the A's are loath to talk about Burrell because they fear him as the eyes and ears of Finley, but the Hammer is far from loath to praise Charlie O. "He's done nothing but good for me," says the Hammer. "There isn't anything I wouldn't do for Mr. Finley if I could do it."

GROWING PAINS

St. Louis University honored Bob (Doc) Bauman, its athletic trainer for 50 years, by holding the first Bob Bauman Symposium on Sports Medicine last week.

The subject was injuries to adolescents, and Dr. Lyle J. Micheli of Harvard Medical School and Boston Children's Hospital said the majority of serious injuries come from damage to the growth plates on kids' knees, ankles, shoulders and elbows. Blocking does most of the damage in football, sliding causes the injuries in baseball, and too big or too heavy a ball is the source of trouble in soccer.

Dr. Micheli recommends that soccer players under 11 use a No. 3 ball instead of the standard No. 5, and that flying blocks be barred in football and sliding in baseball until at least the age of 14. "Children's games are all games designed for adults," he said. "I think the rules could be modified for children."

Some of Micheli's other points:

Youngsters should undergo flexibility training to help avoid pulled hamstrings and torn ligaments. "Children outgrow their flexibility every six months," he noted.

One-stitch surgery involving a medical telescope can now be used to correct Osgood-Schlatter's disease, a lump below the knee that often results from growth-plate stress fractures. Cortisone was formerly used, and not always with the desired results.

A study of emotional stress shows that the prime factor in a child's self-esteem as an athlete was not what the child thought of himself, or what his parents or teammates thought. It's coaches' opinions that count most with kids.

Data suggests that throwing a curveball puts excessive stress on a youngster's arm. Little League pitchers should be examined for flexibility and muscle development. "Maybe 10 years from now we can look at each pitcher and prescribe the kind of pitches he ought or ought not throw," Dr. Micheli says.

Bauman, who also served as trainer for the baseball Cardinals and the old Browns, takes exception to Micheli's data on curveballs and chides "those young orthopedic doctors who are advising that kids not throw curves. My view is that

the curveball requires a more normal motion than the fastball, which causes most of the injuries." He explains that recoil from a fastball can cause arm injury, whereas the supination required for a curveball is used in an everyday life to turn door knobs and screwdrivers. Besides, says Bauman, "If you've never seen a breaking pitch, how are you going to learn to hit it?"

KISSY FACE

Last week four Harvard track and field men showed up for a meet against favored Northeastern wearing bizarre facial greasepaint modeled on the makeup worn by the Kiss rock 'n' roll group. "We did it to psych them out," says Dave Kinney, a javelin thrower, who won his event although Northeastern won the meet 85-74. "I guess it didn't work. When we came out, everyone was shocked. Then they gasped. Then they roared—except



for my father. He wouldn't talk to me for 10 minutes."

The stunt didn't faze Bill McCurdy, the Harvard coach. "I don't think anything surprises me anymore," he says. Indeed, of all Harvard athletes, trackmen have the reputation for being the most individualistic. One time, McCurdy recalls, he told the team to show up for meets in "formal dress," by which he meant the full Harvard track uniform. A pole vaulter arrived at the next meet in a tuxedo. Then there was the time when archival Yale was on probation because of a jurisdictional dispute with the NCAA. At the 1970 NCAA indoor meet, two Harvard men won their events, then donned Yale shirts to accept their trophies.

continued



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COINCIDENCE

Curt Gowdy is out as the top play-by-play banana at NBC, but the network denies that his new role as a "host" of sports telecasts is the result of his botching players' names while announcing the Kansas-UCLA NCAA tournament basketball game (SCORECARD, March 27). Gowdy was taken off play-by-play for the NCAA finals, but an NBC spokesman says the timing was "just unhappy coincidence, believe me," and that the switch to host was part of a long-term plan of which Gowdy was well aware.

TV critic Gary Deeb of the *Chicago Tribune*, a ranking Gowdyologist, isn't buying. "It's possible that NBC was planning to phase Curt out before the Kansas game," Deeb says, "but if I had to bet my bank account, I'd say the Kansas game was the last straw. Not only was it embarrassing for Curt, it was a black mark for NBC. They have all these directors and assistant directors and go-fers running around, and nobody took Gowdy aside to tell him that he should stop calling Darnell Valentine 'Durrell.'"

GETTING BACK IN THE GAME

The University of Evansville, which lost its entire basketball team in a plane crash last December, has gotten a tentative go-ahead from the NCAA to make transfer students immediately eligible for basketball. Ordinarily, a player who transfers has to sit out a year, but an NCAA provision, adopted after several Wichita State football players were killed in an air crash in 1970, waives the requirement "for institutions which have suffered extraordinary personnel losses." The letter from the NCAA stating that Evansville "would appear to qualify under the provision" arrived last week, just one day after Dick Walters, the new coach, announced the signing of his first five recruits, two of them sophomores from the University of Iowa.

USING YOUR HEAD

When the Fletcher team showed up at the Texas World Speedway for the 200-mile race sponsored by Coors last weekend, there was a bit of a to-do because the Fletcher racer was sponsored by Budweiser. The Texas Liquor Control Board cited a state law that permits rolling beer advertising only on delivery vehicles. Ingenuity prevailed. Bob Fletcher put his racer back on its carrier, bought a case

of Bud, put it in the racer and then hauled it to a motel near the speedway where a woman bought the beer to make everything legal.

SUDDEN PITCH

The Consumer Product Safety Commission has fired a fastball at about 7,500 pitching machines manufactured and distributed by Commercial Mechanisms, Inc. of Kansas City. Last week S. John Byington, chairman of the CPSC, displayed one of the machines at a park in Washington and charged that it and others like it can be dangerous. When the pitching arm is cocked, it can, according to Byington, suddenly strike someone standing next to it. "People believe the pitching arm is in a safe position when it is not," Byington says, "and when they are playing with the machine, coaches have been injured, kids have been paralyzed and blinded."

Nine months ago the CPSC filed suit against Commercial Mechanisms, asking that its products be modified by the addition of "a guard around the machine." Byington said he had not held a press conference about the suit earlier than last week because "we thought we could work things out with the manufacturers before the baseball season. At this point, the manufacturers are not willing to enter into the kind of agreement we want, so we are asking people to disconnect the machines until they get fixed."

Byington's case may have merit, but what he did not say is that his sudden decision to hold a press conference now comes at a time when the 5-year-old CPSC is fighting for its bureaucratic life. The CPSC has compiled an appalling record of ineffectiveness and has drawn fire from many quarters, including the General Accounting Office. A study on just what to do with the commission is headed for President Carter's desk. Indeed, Byington, a Michigan Republican appointed by Gerald Ford, admitted to a Senate committee last year, "I do not believe this agency has lived up to the expectations of many."

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

It has finally happened. Mars Hill College, a Baptist school 15 miles up in the Smokies near Asheville, N.C., is holding the first intercollegiate skateboard championships on April 29. "At least it's the first as far as we can find out," says John Bennett, a sophomore who is co-

ordinating the meet. Co-sponsored by the Asheville YMCA, the championships will consist of freestyle, slalom, giant slalom, downhill, consecutive 360s and cone-jumping events. "The skateboarding will take place on a closed-off street and in a church parking lot," says Bennett, "and if you know this part of the country, that parking lot has plenty of slope to it." Mars Hill has sent invitations to Furman, Clemson and other schools in the region, but if colleges elsewhere in the country want to compete, Bennett says, "We can handle registrations at the last minute."

INFLATION

At the NCAA convention last January, the delegates voted to split major-college football in two, thereby creating a new Division I-A that supposedly would include only the biggest of big-time schools. Originally 79 colleges were expected to declare themselves ready to meet the Division I-A requirements (e.g., have a stadium seating at least 30,000) within three years. The deadline for declarations came last week, and a total of 139 colleges opted for I-A. That means only seven schools—Grambling, Alcorn State, Jackson State, Southern, Texas Southern, Idaho and Northwestern State—elected to stay back in Division I-AA.

THEY SAID IT

- Roger Erickson, 21-year-old rookie pitcher with the Minnesota Twins, on life in the major leagues: "In the clubhouse they've got a candy rack, just like in the drugstore, and it's all for the players. I couldn't believe it. I stuffed myself on licorice the first night."
- Sonny Allen, SMU basketball coach, asked if he planned to offer his son Billy, an All-State player, an automobile to sign with the Mustangs: "No, but I've considered taking one away if he doesn't."
- Scott Findorff, captain of the swimming team at Southern Cal, after his team lost its first dual meet since 1973 and first home meet in 21 years: "When UCLA beat us, I thought I should tell the guys something, but not having lost before, I didn't know what to say."
- Tim McCarver, veteran Phillie catcher, asked by teammate Larry Bowa why the Tim McCarver Memorial Stadium soon to be dedicated in McCarver's hometown of Memphis is called "Memorial," since Tim is very much alive: "They're naming it after my arm."

END

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BRASH YOUNG BUCKS

Rookie Marques Johnson (below) did everything, including faking the Suns out of their socks, as he led youthful Milwaukee to a stunning first-round upset

by JOHN PAPANÉK



Everyone knows what it takes to please a Milwaukee Buck fan. Give him a six-pack. What other salve has there been since Kareem Abdul-Jabbar took his goggles and his Persian rug collection to Los Angeles in 1975 and left Laverne and Shirley and—chhhhh!—The Fonz, to fill the giant void?

That was until last week, when the young, brash Bucks exploded in the reddened faces of the Suns, wiping Phoenix clean out of the NBA playoffs that some experts thought it would win. In setting down the Suns bang-bang in their best-of-three mini-series—111-103 to undo Phoenix' home-court advantage, and then 94-90 before their own frothing home crowd—the Bucks served notice on the Denver Nuggets, their next opponent, that they are not to be taken lightly, much the way a young Phoenix team did two years ago when it slew one Goliath after another all the way to the NBA finals.

And for those of you who are keeping score, the two games settled, at least on a face-to-face basis, the Rookie of the Year battle between the two superb forwards, Marques Johnson and Walter Davis. Not only did the Bucks' Johnson outplay the Suns' Davis, but he also was easily the Bucks' series MVP with 57 points and 28 rebounds—compared to 50 and 17 for Davis. Johnson's totals included a thoroughly magnificent 33-point, 12-rebound performance in the clincher, and he needed those kinds of numbers to outshine his teammate, Guard Brian Winters, who was himself winning an-

continued



Forward Dave Meyers (above) drove all night on his way to scoring 22 points in Game 1

Guard Brian Winters (below) bearded Paul Westphal by outscoring him, 55 points to 52



other battle of the brilliants, outshooting and outscoring the Suns' Paul Westphal 55-52.

Suddenly it was remembered that as callow as the Bucks are—average age 24.5, second-youngest behind Indiana in the NBA—they have faced pressure before. Six of them played in the NCAA final four, and four were on championship teams. "People thought we should be satisfied just to make the playoffs," said no-nonsense Guard Quinn Buckner, who captained Indiana and the U.S. Olympic team to championships in 1976 and is, in his second year, the Bucks' floor leader. "No way. I expect to beat every team I play."

The shock of it all left Nugget Assistant Coach George Irvine, who was scouting the series, in a cold sweat as he rushed back to Denver to feed a few hundred pages of Phoenix scouting reports into the shredder. "I think Milwaukee is going to give us some trouble," he said of the best-of-seven Nugget-Buck series that got under way this week. "I thought maybe we had their number, because we beat them three out of four during the season. But—ahem—so did Phoenix."

Most of the Suns denied having taken the Bucks for granted, though Guard Don Buse said in a postmortem, "The truth is, we weren't really prepared for them." Indeed, the Suns began the week enjoying their status as heavy favorites to beat the Bucks almost as much as their regular sunbathing and Jacuzzi sessions.

Certainly this Phoenix team looked better than the 1976 outfit. Just babes then, see how they've grown! At 27, Westphal, a 25.2-point-per-game scorer, has become perhaps the best guard in the business. Alvan Adams has matured into the best passing center next to Bill Walton. Strong Forward Gar Heard could be expected to handle rookie Johnson with ease. There were also guards Ron Lee and Buse—the Kamikaze Kid and the league's best defender—who finished first and fifth in steals, respectively, and helped give Phoenix a half-share of the NBA team record for assists. This pair often passed to the marvelous Davis, who scored in double figures in every one of his 81 games, averaging 24.2 points, the most by any rookie this season. No wonder it was overlooked that, although the Suns roared out to a Portlandish 36-16 record, they limped (13-17) thereafter, largely because of the



Two was the magic number for Nelson

loss of Forward Curtis Perry with a back injury in January.

Even so, how could they consider Milwaukee a threat? The Bucks, 44-38, could have easily been 36-46, had it not been for eight wins in nine overtime games. They are so young and they lack a center of distinction. Still, while John Gianelli, the starter in the pivot, may be only a journeyman, he is better than the man he replaced early in the season, Kent Benson, the million-dollar rookie flop.

Nevertheless, the normally genteel Coach John MacLeod was worried enough to proclaim before Game 1 that the Bucks were a band of basketball hoodlums. On television and in the Phoenix papers MacLeod said, "I'm concerned about what they do defensively. I'm talking about forearm smashes and elbows. Forearm smashes to the back of the head. We won't put up with play that could maim one of our players and put him out for the season."

MacLeod's remarks made excellent poolside reading for the Bucks as they lounged at their Phoenix hotel. The players and coaches were furious. "MacLeod pulled the same stuff in '76," said Milwaukee Assistant Coach John Killilea, who was with Boston at the time. "His offense works best against the wind. He'd rather not have people out there."

The effect of MacLeod's action, of course, was to incite the Bucks. And that was not the Suns' only miscalculation. Just before the tip-off in Memorial Coliseum the crowd was informed that Davis had been voted Rookie of the Year by the NBA players in a 139-16 landslide over Johnson. (The winner of the "official" rookie award, voted upon by writers and broadcasters, has not yet been announced.)

The announcement whipped up the fans, as well as Davis, who proceeded to show why he thought the vote should have been unanimous. He scored 15 points in the first half on drives, end-to-end fast breaks, bank shots and one impossible double-pump-spinning-underhanded-flip-while-triple-teamed underneath the basket. In addition, Westphal and Adams were scoring at will over Buckner and Gianelli, and it seemed that not even whips and chains could slow down the dashing Suns as they opened up a 12-point lead in the second period.

Only Winters' six-for-eight shooting and Forward David Meyers' brutal inside offense kept the Bucks close enough for Johnson, stung by the Rookie of the Year announcement, to make the difference in the second half.

"I had a nice little talk with myself during halftime," says Johnson, "and I decided I wasn't happy with how I played in the first half. I decided that in the second half I was just going to hit the boards, set picks for Brian and take the shot when I had it."

Johnson stuck to his resolutions, personally cleaning the glass at both ends for the remainder of the game and hitting seven of 10 shots to finish with 16 rebounds and 24 points. He also set enough picks for Winters to make eight of 13, including a pair of quick jumpers that gave the Bucks the lead for good at 87-85.

While Milwaukee was shooting 61% in the fourth quarter, MacLeod was running sabs in and out of the game as though he were coaching hockey. Result: the Suns hit a mere 36%. Westphal, who scored a modest 20 points, was either immobilized by Winters or on MacLeod's bench. Davis matched Winters' total of 31 points, but he was really no match for Johnson.

During the off-days before Friday's meeting in Milwaukee, dark clouds hung over swimming pools all around Phoenix. MacLeod admitted that he should have chosen his words more carefully ("I should not have implied that the whole team was dirty, just certain individuals," he said), and more than one Sun complained about all the substituting and questioned MacLeod's verbal tactics.

Nelson was asked if he considered the win "a steal." "Well," he said, "as Jimmy the Greek would say, we were seven-point underdogs."

Meanwhile, in Milwaukee there was a fish epidemic of Friday Night Fever.

"Last time we had it like this," said Buck Director of Business Operations John Steenmiller. "Travolta was still doing the twist."

Game 2 was scripted much like Game 1, except that it was played in double decibels—quadruple when MacLeod was introduced and a banner hoisted that said MACLEOD PLAYS DIRTY WITH HIS MOUTH. Phoenix took immediate control, outscoring the Bucks 11-4 at the beginning and 15-4 at the end of the first quarter. Paced again by Westphal, Davis and Adams, the Suns had a 13-point lead midway through the second period. In the game's big defensive change for Phoenix, MacLeod put Westphal, no candidate for the NBA All-Defensive team, on Winters, who was going to score anyway, and Buse on Buckner to attack the ball and disrupt Milwaukee's flow. It worked beautifully. Buckner turned the ball over six times in the first half.

But just when it looked as though the Suns would be able to go home and bag some rays before Game 3, Winters got hot again. He hit a tip-in and a fast-break layup, and then he scored off another rebound followed by a top-of-the-key jumper. Finally he faked Westphal out of his shoes with a stutter-step lean-in. By halftime the Bucks had stormed back to within three, 52-49.

Now we come again to the part when Johnson talks to himself. His first half had not been that bad this time—14 points—but tonight he was really determined. "I just said to myself, 'Marques, it's time.'"

Westphal began the second half with a layup before Meyers and Winters hit jumpers to make it 54-53 Phoenix. Then Johnson took matters into his own hands, scoring the Bucks' next 13 points in 5½ minutes with a turnaround jumper and a slam dunk in Heard's face, a baseline jumper, a tap-in, a layup and three free throws. He put in 17 of Milwaukee's 22 points in the third period. Still, the Suns had their chances to send the series back to Phoenix.

Down 89-88 with 3:25 to go, Davis, who had missed seven straight outside shots in the third period, blew a six-footer. Then Westphal had an open 18-footer. It bounced off the rim. Winters hit a jumper from the left corner with Buse draped on him at 1:49, and then Westphal stole the ball from Buckner and laid it in to make the score 91-90. With 47 seconds left, Davis had the ball on the



Garelli may not be worth a million, as his substitute is, but he sure has helped raise the Bucks

left side, and the Suns cleared out so he could go one-on-one against Johnson. Davis tried a 12-footer. Johnson blocked it—a final "in your face" for his rival—and a moment later the ball went out of bounds off Heard.

Now Winters had the ball, killing the clock but desperately wanting a basket. With the 24-second clock down to :03, he slipped behind a Garelli screen and,

with Adams all over him, launched the 23-footer that put the Suns in total eclipse.

Inside the winners' dressing room, one might have expected to find the exuberant youths popping champagne corks. Not these Bucks. "The Suns are the ones who should be excited," said Forward Alex English. "They're going to the sunshine. We're just going to Denver." **END**



During his second-half, one-man tear, the Cosmos' Santiago Formoso headed one that barely missed

EVEN FOR A COLOSSUS, IT AIN'T THAT EASY

The Roughnecks came to New Jersey a bit swed, but they gave the Cosmos a rugged battle and gave heart to the rest of the league **by CLIVE GAMMON**

With 20 minutes left in last Sunday's game at Giants Stadium in East Rutherford, N.J., soccer fans suffering from the nagging worry that the Cosmos, with their legions of star players and their massive financial capability, would march serenely through the NASL season could rest a bit easier. The score stood at 0-0. The princely Franz Beckenbauer was being harried into mistakes by a 20-year-old Irishman. Giorgio Chinaglia was being bottled up by a Yugoslavian

whose most noteworthy credit was an appearance in the 1977 Balkan Cup final. The Cosmos had surrendered the midfield, and their defense, only tenuously held together by the veteran Carlos Alberto, looked as solid as a damp Kleenex.

And, on paper anyway, the opposition did not have the talent to cause such disarray. The Tulsa Roughnecks, formerly Team Hawaii, are an odd conglomeration of Irishmen—mostly Ulstermen—and Yugoslavs. Their star is Ninoslav Zec,

who the previous weekend had scored two goals in their first NASL victory, a 2-0 defeat of Toronto. But had the Roughnecks more depth, it is doubtful that Zec would have been in the lineup against the Cosmos, because his ankle was still strapped up after being injured in Tulsa's opening games. "He took a lot of stick in Detroit and Toronto," said General Manager Noel Lemon.

The Roughnecks had arrived at Newark Airport on the eve of the game. If you are a team struggling in a new city, you are aware of the costs of each night on the road; allowing a day or two for workouts at out-of-town stadiums is an unwarranted luxury. The feeling among the Roughnecks was a mixture of defiance and slight awe. Lemon had already thought of one plus. "The Cosmos aren't clobberers, anyhow," he said. "They won't try to kick us off the field." His Belfast accent is still perceptible in spite of 12 years' erosion in the U.S. "It's a real charge-up for some of our boys. Like young Don O'Riordan. He's idolized Beckenbauer ever since he started to play. He can hardly believe that he's playing against him."

Not only O'Riordan and the Roughnecks had Beckenbauer on their minds last weekend. So did the West German Soccer Federation, which last January asked the Cosmos to release Beckenbauer for both the June World Cup and a lengthy training period preceding it. No, replied the Cosmos. You can have him for the actual games, they said, but not for three months. No, thank you, said the Germans. End of story, seemingly. But when West Germany made a disastrous showing against Brazil on April 5 (SI, April 17), it became clear that without Beckenbauer its midfield is a mess. That, in turn, led to Krikor Yepremian, general manager of the Cosmos, spending much of last Friday on the telephone in conversations that generally went like this: "I'm sorry, Karl, but I can say nothing yet. Maybe later. You'll call again at 2 p.m.?" O.K., Karl . . .

Two floors below him in the Warner Communications building in Rockefeller Plaza, a West German TV unit was lying in wait for Ahmet Ertegun, president of the Cosmos. They, too, had got wind of something. But in a flash of Mephistophelian silver beard and heavy gold wristband, Ertegun was through the crew and into his office. Inside he admitted that, yes, the Germans had now renewed

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT

their quest for Beckenbauer's services. "But the answer is no," he said. "The authorities who pick the time for the World Cup did not take our season into consideration." The somewhat arrogant presumption of the last sentence struck him immediately and he amended it. "Of course, we are not that important yet, I suppose." But he could not resist a final taunt. "To them, that is."

Implicit in Ertegun's remarks was his widely shared view that, at least when it comes to North American soccer, the Cosmos bestride the world. Their off-season recruiting, notably of Dennis Tueart from Manchester City—\$475,000 worth of high-scoring winger—and their avowed intention to acquire at least one more world-class player this season looked very much like overkill in the context of the NASL, especially after the Cosmos' 7-0 opening-game thrashing of Fort Lauderdale three weeks ago.

The Cosmos management does not, of course, agree with that. "We could easily have lost to the Aztecs last week," Yepremian says. "One-nothing is no great margin. Of course, we will win games 5-0 and 6-0, but we will lose some, too. It will be hard to beat us but we will not overwhelm every team...."

Which was exactly the case in Sunday's match with Tulsa. Just to show how things can go wrong, even with colossi, three of the Cosmos' first string did not start. Tueart was out with a hamstring injury, as he has been since the start of the season. So was Steve Hunt, with a charley horse. And Bobby Smith was absent, too, having been suspended for 10 days after indulging himself in a piece of obscene mime in front of live television cameras during the Aztec game. Nor did the Cosmos appear in the new club colors—blue and yellow. Back to green and yellow, insisted the league, on the grounds that the team had not given sufficient notice of its intention. Balancing these setbacks was the morale-raising presence of 10 NFL-style, flouncy and feathered cheerleaders.

The Cosmos got off in fine style. Gary Etherington, coming in from the right wing, barely missed a top corner of the net with a drive, and seconds later Beckenbauer forced Colin Boulton, the Tulsa goalie, to dive full length to stop a free kick. All that was in the first minute. And it was a full 12 minutes before Tulsa managed its first shot. All in all, it looked as if a repetition of the Fort Lauderdale

massacre was about to occur, especially when Chinaglia broke loose from Tulsa Centerback Stogan Nickolic, who had been detailed to mark him, and headed the ball narrowly over the bar.

But thereafter Nickolic tightened his hold, an accomplishment made easier when Etherington and Santiago Formoso, the wingmen who had replaced the absent Hunt and Tueart, failed to provide Chinaglia with the perfectly placed passes that he has come to expect, at least from Hunt. For his part, Nickolic was always there to cut off the ground balls, to win the heading duels. Chinaglia's afternoon grew worse and worse.

In another duel, Beckenbauer predictably was having the better of young O'Riordan, treating him to a soccer lesson replete with impudent back-flicked passes and shaking loose to make long, penetrating runs down the center of the field. But toward halftime, even Beckenbauer seemed to become rattled by the Cosmos' inability to convert their scoring opportunities. "It's up to them to break us down," said Noel Lemon. And breaking down Tulsa was no easy task: realizing that they were not necessarily in for a hiding, the visitors started to push the ball about methodically. Only the inaccuracy of their own forwards, notably

Billy Caskey, prevented the Roughnecks from going into a halftime lead.

In the second half the trend continued. For 10 minutes, Santiago Formoso, his wild hair flying, waged a one-man war, and one of his shots came close enough to hit a post. But it was unwavering individualism, evidence of the kind of desperation that was now infecting the whole Cosmos side. They were jeered at by the 41,216 fans at Giants Stadium. From time to time, O'Riordan even got the better of Beckenbauer, forcing him to pass back to his defense instead of allowing him to proceed on his magisterial runs.

But then, as the last minutes ticked away, Tulsa gave away a free kick just outside their penalty area and Beckenbauer ran up to take it. Earlier, in a similar situation, he had found himself impeded by the referee and protested strongly. This time he took pains to make sure that the official was well clear, and some of that Warner Communications money was well repaid when he hit the ball hard and true to the right of Boulton in the Tulsa goal. That score stood up until the end. The defeat was a sad one for Tulsa, perhaps, but it was a reminder for everybody else that, as yet, nothing is sewn up in the NASL. **END**

Beckenbauer had harsh words for an official and kind ones for a teammate who was off his game



THE BROTHERS RAISED A JOYFUL RUCKUS

Putting a stranglehold on AAU wrestling championships is one of the good works John and Ben Peterson happily perform for the Lord **by BRUCE NEWMAN**

berman, a member of the NYAC team and a junior at Lehigh. Lieberman, who had won the 180.5-pound championship last year when Peterson didn't enter the AAUs, prepared himself for his title defense by winning at the Pan Am Games, the NCAA tournament, the U.S. Wrestling Federation nationals and the World

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENZ KLETTMEIER

It was the kind of thing that demanded the gloves-off approach of a Rupert Murdoch or a Charles Foster Kane or somebody who knows when to dust off the 240-point Bodoni Bold for a headline like: BROTHERS GRAPPLE FOR GOD.

While most Americans were losing two out of three falls to 1040 forints last week, John and Ben Peterson were throwing around half nelsons for Jesus and more or less knocking the stuffing out of the civilized wrestling world at the AAU National Freestyle Wrestling Championships in Ames, Iowa. When it was over, the Peterson brothers had maintained their hammerlock on U.S. amateur wrestling in the 180.5-pound (John) and 198-pound (Ben) classes. John has won three AAU titles, Ben has four. Each also has won two Olympic medals—John, 29, having gotten a silver at Munich and a gold at Montreal, while Ben, 27, was winning a gold at Munich and a silver at Montreal. And now with 1980 only two years away, the prospect of spreading the good word to Moscow may be too much for the Petersons to resist. Praise the Lord.

Brother Ben celebrated his victory by accepting an invitation to speak Sunday morning at the Ames Baptist Church before returning to his coaching job at Maranatha Baptist Bible College in Watertown, Wis. Brother John headed back to Lancaster, Pa., where he is a full-time counselor for the Campus Crusade for Christ. They left wrestling fans to ponder a more secular achievement—the New York Athletic Club's victory in the AAU team standings, by one point (77-76) over the Hawkeye Wrestling Club of Iowa. It was the NYAC's eighth team title in the last nine years.

On the eve of the AAU meet it seemed that the reign of the Brothers Peterson was in danger of coming to an end. By John's own admission, his heir apparent in the 180.5-pound class is Mark Lie-



Brother John (in red) beat Mark Lieberman to win his third title in the 180.5-pound division.

Cup championships, in which he beat Oleg Lalekeyev of the Soviet Union. At the Federation meet, Lieberman pinned Peterson in the first period. "Give me a little time," he said before the two met in Ames. "and I'll beat Peterson every time I face him. He won't be able to stay on the mat with me."

This quickly proved an imprudent boast, but one that may yet come true. Lieberman is 22, young for one so accomplished in international competition. And he didn't get his start in wrestling until the eighth grade when he stumbled into the wrestling room of the Allentown (Pa.) YMCA while looking for the swimming pool. The Y's instructor got one glimpse of Lieberman and tried to burn the lad's swimsuit. Ever since that day Lieberman has been on a single-minded path to Olympic gold. "You have to be willing to pay the price," he says. "People don't 'play' wrestling like they 'play' tennis or golf. It's hard work and hardly any fun, but it can also be intensely satisfying."

If it was something less than that last week for Lieberman, John Peterson made it so. The two collided head on like a pair of bighorn sheep during the Saturday afternoon session, straining sinew and bone into a 361-pound ball of cross-purposes and conflicting ambitions. For nearly two minutes the wrestlers pushed and leaned until the Hilton Coliseum fairly groaned, but neither of them could produce a point. Finally, Peterson scored on two crunching takedowns, for a total of three points. "I don't consider myself overly slick," says Peterson. "I don't have a lot of fancy moves, but I'm strong enough and in good enough condition to wear down just about anybody." And that, in essence, is what he did against Lieberman, slowly but surely piling up points for an eventual 7-3 victory and the title.

The heavyweight division was loaded with Greg Wojciechowski and Eiland van Lath de Jeudes, but not Jimmy Jackson, which came as a disappointment to a lot of fans who could at least spell Jackson. The NCAA heavyweight division champ for the past three years while wrestling for Oklahoma State, Jackson is 6' 6" and weighs in the vicinity of 360 pounds. He goes where he pleases when he pleases. The AAU championship, it seems, was not one of his pleasures. Van Lath de Jeude, a 6' 6", 380-pound computer consultant who hopes to sing at the Metropolitan Opera (who will tell him he can't?), is an acquaintance of Jackson's and offered this thought on the absent big man. "Jackson's a kook," said v.L.d.J., recklessly, even for a man with four last names.

And that's just fine with Wojciechowski, a 27-year-old Toledo high school

teacher. Wojto had won the AAU heavyweight championship four times and the 220-pound division twice, but he lost in the 1976 Olympic Trials to Jackson. Understandably, he was not among those choked up by the fact that Jackson declined to be in Ames. "Every Olympic year some giant has come along and stymied my dream of making the Olympic team," says Wojto, who also lost in the '72 trials to 400-pound Chris Taylor. "They really haven't outwrestled me; they're just so big they stop everything you do. You have to be strong enough to move them and tire them out, and then you hope you can get them off balance, so they'll fall down."

Wojciechowski, who is not big by heavyweight standards (six feet, 250 pounds), survived bouts with a couple of 300-pounders and finessed a few wrestlers his own size. Then after a rugged match with Greg Gibson of Redding, Calif. on Saturday afternoon, he headed back to his motel to nurse a hyperextended arm and a pinched nerve in his neck and to relax before his next bout, which he thought was scheduled for the night session. Just as he was stretching out for a nap, his phone rang and he was told that he was scheduled to wrestle again in five minutes. Wojciechowski hopped in a friend's car and sped over to the arena, arriving in the nick of time to avoid a forfeit. "I just tried not to get pinned in the first period," he said later. "After that I was O.K." More than just O.K. His opponent, Tom Burns, was disqualified and Wojto had another AAU title.

While all this was going on, down in Munchkinland 19-year-old Bob Weaver was giving the NYAC its only individual championship of the meet with a victory in the 105 5-pound class. Weaver is a student at the Blair Academy, a New Jersey prep school, and next fall he will enroll at Lehigh to wrestle alongside Lieberman. His victory this year was especially impressive, because he pinned none other than Olympian Bill Rosado.

The strength of the AAU field was considered a victory for U.S. wrestling. A few weeks before, the U.S. had served notice on the Soviets at the World Cup matches by winning four golds to the U.S.S.R.'s five. Moreover, the Japanese national team that showed up in Ames won only one of the 10 weight classes in which it competed. Say hallelujah, brothers and sisters.

END





Ron LeFlore eyeballs one of the long hitters that helped shoot down the Blue Jays, and Jason Thompson presses some flash after one of his home runs.

ROAR? NO, THE TIGERS GO 'TWEETY!'

That's what the Bird's teammates chirp when his fastball is humming, but Mark Fidrych is not the only Tiger who has hit some high notes. Supposedly a team of the future, Detroit has been playing as if its time has come **by LARRY KEITH**

At the end of spring training the Detroit Tigers had more wins than any team in baseball. At the end of last week, those same Tigers were in first place in the American League's East Division with a 6-2 record. But despite his club's early foot, Manager Ralph Houk has not swallowed his tobacco chaw in excitement. After all, "great" teams invariably come in first, "good" ones finish second, and "good young" ones end up third. The Tigers are of the last category—"the best

young team in baseball," says Houk. But young, nonetheless, with toddling players like 23-year-olds Mark (The Bird) Fidrych, who has won his first two starts, and heavy hitters Jason Thompson and Steve Kemp. "It's hard for kids to compete with proven stars," Houk says between sips. "But I sure couldn't complain about third."

Third would keep the Tigers' rebuilding program right on schedule. They were fourth a year ago, fifth in 1976 and sixth

in both 1975 and 1974. Once a team of despair, or "non-competitive," as one player says, they are now a team of destiny—"a championship contender within a year or two," another Tiger insists.

Just how far Detroit has come—and how much further it has to go—was evident in games last week at Texas and Toronto. The Rangers finished second in the West last year and are favored by some experts to win it this season, but the Tigers beat them twice, 6-2 behind

21-year-old Dave Rozema and 3-2 behind Fridrych. That is as many times as Detroit defeated Texas all last season.

The Toronto Blue Jays are not expected to improve on their last-place finish of 1977. Nonetheless, against the Blue Jays in weather so snowy and cold that Fridrych wore socks to keep his hands warm (see cover), the Tigers last Friday committed three errors, three wild pitches and a passed ball, got two runners thrown out between third and home, blew a 3-0 first-inning lead and lost 10-8. Obviously, when a team is both good and young, anything can happen.

Last weekend, only good things happened to the Tigers. On Saturday, Ron LeFlore had three hits, including his third home run, as Jack Billingham, a Cincinnati discard, won his second straight start by beating Toronto 6-3. On Sunday, Thompson stroked a two-run single in the seventh that lifted Detroit to a 4-3 victory over the Blue Jays.

The Tigers are trying to improve in the traditional way, by developing players within their own organization instead of buying them in the free-agent market or trading for them at the expense of younger talent. Of the 18 players who have been in the starting lineup this season, 11 were originally signed by Detroit. Not only are they young (their average age is 25.5), but they are also new to Detroit (only Centerfielder LeFlore and Third Baseman Aurelio Rodriguez remain from the regular lineup of three years ago).

Detroit has been able to build from within because it has one of the best minor league systems in baseball. Last year Class AA Montgomery won its third straight Southern League pennant, and Class A Lakeland took its second consecutive Florida State League crown. In addition, two other farm teams, Evansville of the AAA American Association and Bristol (Tenn.) of the Rookie Appalachian League, finished third and second, respectively.

But as good a job as the scouting and development departments have done, there have been some foul-ups. In 1971 the Tigers made Shortstop Tom Veryzer, now a Cleveland Indian, their No. 1 pick and overlooked a Detroit schoolboy named Frank Tanana. The Angels have been grateful ever since.

Such slipups have been rare enough that Detroit believes it is starting another decade of success like the one that pro-

duced nine winning seasons between 1964 and 1973. The best years were 1968, when Denny McLain won 31 games and Detroit beat St. Louis to win the World Series, and 1972, when the Tigers, managed by Billy Martin, took the East Division. Of the six men who started on both those clubs, five—among them Catcher Bill Freehan and Outfielder Willie Horton—were home grown. "We did it once before," says General Manager Jim Campbell, "and we feel, God willing, we can do it again."

Houk has had a difficult time deciding which of his young players to put on the bench. "I don't think it's right not to use a player who did well in the spring," Houk says. Among those who have won their way into Houk's platoon system is Rightfielder Tim Lincecum, 25, who hit .356 in spring training. On Tuesday night against Texas he had three hits and two RBIs and scored two runs.

Another is Rookie Catcher Lance Parrish, 21, the Tigers' No. 1 draft choice in 1974, who hit .325 in Florida and helped beat the Rangers Wednesday night with a home run.

Two other rookies—Second Baseman Lou Whitaker and Shortstop Alan Trammell, both 20—form one of Houk's two double-play combinations. They played together in Montgomery last season, where Trammell won the Southern League's MVP award. Whitaker was the MVP at Lakeland the year before. Although Houk has also used Steve Dillard, acquired from Boston, and Mark Wagner, a product of Detroit's farm system, at second and short, he expects to turn the positions over to Whitaker and Trammell eventually. "They'd have to do a backhand to be sent down," he says. "I've started them off slow because I don't want to put pressure on them. Once they get their feet on the ground, they'll be in there every day."

Trammell is sure he is ready right now. "I don't think I'm gonna fizzle," he

says, having already beaten the deadline set for him when he signed as Detroit's No. 2 draft choice two years ago. "The scout told me if I wasn't in Double-A by the time I was 22 to hang it up. Everything has gone so fast, I haven't had time to think about goals."

The knowledge that people like Trammell and Whitaker were being cultivated on the farm helped Houk endure heavy criticism from the fans in recent years. "The fans and media didn't know what we had coming up," he says, "but I did. Before these kids proved themselves, I got a lot of guff, more than I expected. To give the young players a chance, I had to put some old favorites on the bench. The only one left is Mickey Stanley, and he's their big hero."

At 35 years of age and in his 15th season with the Tigers, Stanley is a living monument to the success of

continued

Like most Tigers, rookie Shortstop Trammell is a farm product



the '60s. A reserve now, Stanley has shared his vast defensive wisdom with youngsters like Corcoran and Kemp, the Tigers' No. 1 draft choice in 1976. "But the way things are in baseball today," Stanley says, "we have to develop players faster than the other teams can buy them."

Stanley's biggest contribution to the rebuilding program was an accident. When he broke his hand four years ago the Tigers called up LeFlore from Evansville. Since then LeFlore has developed into one of the best hitters in the American League, batting .316 in 1976 and .325 in '77. "I had heard of so many of the Tigers' players that when I came up I thought I was joining a good team," LeFlore says. "But then I found out that players lose a lot as they get older and I was getting here after they had lost most

of their skills. For a while I was afraid we wouldn't be getting any better."

Those fears were aggravated in 1975 when Detroit had the worst record in baseball, but in 1976 the Tigers added the free-spirited righthander known as "the Bird." Fidyrych won 19 games that season and led the league with a 2.34 ERA. First Baseman Thompson also joined the Tigers in '76, but it took him longer to develop. He batted .218 as a rookie but zoomed to .270 with 31 homers and 105 RBIs last season. "If there were such a thing as stock in a player, I'd invest in Thompson," says veteran DH Rusty Staub.

Two more key kids arrived last year, Rozema, who was 15-7, and Kemp, who hit .257 with 18 homers and 88 RBIs. Even though Kemp got off to a horrible start as a rookie, the Tigers were so con-

fident of his ability that they traded the popular Horton to Texas in order to make room for him in the lineup.

Thompson and Kemp agree that the Tigers' strong showing in spring training has had a lot to do with their early success. "It proved to us that we could compete against teams with quite, unquote superstars," Kemp says. "Some teams, like the Yankees," Thompson adds, "know what they can do already, so it doesn't matter what kind of spring they have. Now we're not just hoping we can do well, we're optimistic that we will."

The main cause of Tiger optimism is Fidyrych's good health. Last season a torn knee cartilage and tendinitis in his arm limited him to 11 starts and a 6-4 record. And with those injuries came a psychological burden. "I was a different person," the Herd says. "I had the constant

PUTTING IDEALISM TO WORK



Traditionalists are blue over Detroit's new seats

Squat, gray, peeling Tiger Stadium stands within a short walk of downtown Detroit, and in a city sprucing up its look—and outlook—with a futuristic Renaissance Center of cylindrical towers, the ball park presents a marvelous contrast. It is a contrast that will remain, too, because rather than move to an antiseptic new suburban stadium, the Tigers have decided to keep playing at the corner of Michigan and Trumbull, in the 66-year-old ball park where Cobb came in spikes high, where Gehrig went to his left with quiet grace, where Greenberg hit rockets into the seats and where Kaline played with class. Antique lovers, nostalgia freaks and the Greater

Detroit Chamber of Commerce are thrilled by the idea of renovating the existing structure—which stands on a site where big-league baseball has been played since 1901.

"We have a commitment to the city, to downtown," says John E. Fetzer, the 77-year-old sole owner of the Tigers. "I believe the Tigers belong to Detroit and the people. I look upon the Tigers as a public trust. The Tigers have meant much to Detroit, events such as our World Series victory in 1968 helped bring together the races and brought a oneness to the city that hasn't always been present. This has been an ideal of mine, and I hope all idealism hasn't been stamped out."

Fetzer's idealism is merged with commonsense materialism. Detroit, like almost all cities, is troubled by the financial shorts and urban rot. For years a proposal for a dual-use domed stadium for the Tigers and the NFL Lions was knocked about by the city's politicians. A site along the Detroit River was selected for such a facility, but the Lions decided to forego the city for Pontiac, 29 miles from Detroit's center, and in a final blow the courts voided the sale of bonds for the project. Fetzer, pledging to stay in the central city, subsequently declined an invitation to join the Lions in suburbia.

Last year, with Tiger Stadium in disrepair and maintenance bills running \$500,000 a year, Fetzer struck up a deal with the city. He sold Tiger Stadium, valued at \$8 million, to Detroit for one dollar. He then signed a lease with his new landlord that commits the Tigers to playing in the stadium for 30 more seasons. He also announced a \$15 million, three-year plan to refurbish the old park. The

changes include new seating, an electronic scoreboard, luxury loge boxes, the works. The city, in turn, qualified for \$5 million in federal funds and floated a \$10 million bond issue to cover costs. The plan is similar to the one that brought about the renovation of Yankee Stadium—but it figures to cost only about one-seventh as much as it cost the taxpayers in New York City.

Through the years—from Cobb to Gehrig to Kaline to Fidyrych—Tiger Stadium has been a charming ball park with short fences, one where fans could smell the odor of hot dogs grilling and, being so close to the playing field, also eavesdrop on conversations between managers and umpires, batters and catchers. But the aching concrete of Tiger Stadium has started to give way. Chips and chunks from the upper deck have fallen onto the seats below. The Tigers fear Bat Day because the pounding of bats in unison might send the walls a-trembling down.

The renovation should still those apprehensions. The new seats—20,000 of a total of 52,000 are already installed—are the first steps of the renewal plan. They are blue plastic, not the traditional green wood, because green plastic fades too quickly and wood doesn't last as long. There have been some complaints about this breach of tradition, but Jason Thompson's home runs look just as proudly landing in a sea of blue as they do in a field of green.

Ebbets Field, Fenway Stadium, Shibe Park, Forbes Field, Crosley Field, the Polo Grounds, Sportsman's Park, Braves Field in Boston, Municipal Stadium in Kansas City and League Park in Cleveland all have fallen to the wrecker's ball. But the hot dogs still give off their savory aroma at Tiger Stadium, near downtown Detroit. —JERRY GREEN

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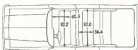
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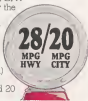
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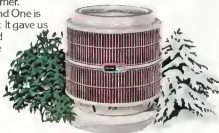
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bad leg and the bad arm and I was trying to get my head together. Everything I count on, my bread and butter, was missing, and it got me down. The doctors told me to relax, and some of the older players told me how they had come back from injuries, but I didn't really know about myself until I went down to the instructional league in October. Then I knew for sure. I said, 'Oh, wow! I can throw.'"

As well as ever, it seems. Fidyrych was 4-1 in the spring, and he won his first two regular-season starts with complete games, a five-hitter against Toronto in the season opener and a six-hitter against the Rangers last week.

Fidyrych started slowly against Texas, giving up a walk, a two-run homer to Al Oliver and another walk in the first inning. He did not seem to have his pitching rhythm or his theatrics. As the game progressed, however, his fastball heated up, and he became the fluttery Bird of old, manuring the mound, giving himself (not the ball) pep talks and congratulating teammates for fine plays. "One of the good things about this team," Fidyrych says, "is that if the ball is hit on the ground with a man on first, you know you're going to get the double play. I couldn't be sure about that before."

When the Tigers pulled ahead by one run in the seventh, Fidyrych had all the working margin he needed. "He's the best young pitcher I've ever seen with a lead late in the game," says Houk. "Some of them get too careful. Not Mark. He goes right at them. He doesn't give a damn who's up there."

Fidyrych ended the eighth inning by throwing a double-play ball to Bert Campaneris, and he started the ninth by striking out Oliver and Richie Zisk. The outcome was inevitable, because as someone yelled to the Bird from the Tiger dug-out, "You're better than he are." When Fidyrych proved it, by getting Juan Beniquez on a grounder to second for the final out, there were handshakes all around and appreciative shouts of "Twenty! Twenty!" from his teammates.

"That's a great moment when the last out is made," Fidyrych says. "You've been out there with your team for nine innings, and it's something you want to share together."

The Tigers should share a lot more of those moments in the seasons ahead. That is what good young teams are all about.

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AUDIO

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I am a skateboarding father. I don't mean that I am a father who skateboards; though I have delusions of fitness, I know very well what I am fit for. I mean that I have a son who takes the sport seriously, and I take his interest seriously. It is a beautiful sport, very much like surfing and sking in its seemingly effortless swoops and rhythms, and over the past

turnpikes, in high-rise parking garages. Wherever man has poured concrete, boy will skateboard—and official will eventually build a fence or send a guard to chase him away. As for swimming pools, their owners have an unpleasant tendency to fill them with water.

I thought John deserved to be put out of his misery, and I proposed that we spend a week of his vacation driving around Florida and trying out its skateboard parks. (He would do the trying, I would do the watching, and we would split the driving; he is now 17.) I suspect that ours was the first such odyssey made by a skateboarding father. In fact, I may be the first father to identify myself as a new subspecies in American sport.

But surely I am not the last. Skateboarding and its industry are expanding faster than most people realize. Parks are now being built in the cold states—in indoor arenas with ramps, bowls and pipes that arrive ready to assemble—and there is even talk of sanctifying the sport by admitting it to the Olympics. In any case, my hunch is that other parents, like stage mothers and hockey dads, will soon be hitting the trail. They may be interested in our journey.

First I should retrace the earlier steps in my own education. Skateboards hit America in the mid-1960s as a fad, rather like the Hula-Hoop: urchins scooting along the sidewalk on little slabs of wood with hard clay wheels. But the urchins could never do anything very inventive because the wheels didn't have traction—a skater starting up a slope would fall back off. The young soon tired of their new pastime, as the hula-hoopers tired of their hoops, and the passing fancy passed—or so it appeared. *continued*

At Ingham Harbor, skateboard expert Jeff Klugal lectures in change direction at the wall's rim

SUPER RAD MEANS O.K., DAD

With his skateboarding son, a father samples the joys and the jargon of the sport at its paradises in Florida

by WILLIAM ZINSER

two years I have watched John and skateboarding grow together in speed and grace and defiance of gravity.

Boys are doing things on skateboards today that were not imagined in 1976. It is only necessary to flip through back issues of *SkateBoarder* magazine—which John and I do astonishingly often—to see how many skateboard parks have opened and how much more challenge is being built into them. The early parks, which were mainly in the warm states of Florida and California, tended to be mere slopes of concrete with relatively gentle curves. Today's parks have steep descents, banked curves of the kind that are common on bobsled runs, and 15-foot vertical walls at the top of which a skateboarder can momentarily hang weightless, his body parallel to the ground, before turning and riding back down.

John's fate was to be stuck in cold Connecticut, practicing these feats in places built for wholly different uses: in empty swimming pools, in reservoir spillways, in the culverts that run alongside



Then, in 1973, along came the urethane wheel. It was found that wheels made of this plastic, fastened to a board, would not only reach high speeds; they would hold their grip on inclined surfaces and during sharp slalom turns and wide freestyle turns. The breakthrough was made, inevitably, in Southern California, by a man named Frank Nasworthy, and though it is not recorded that he cried "Eureka!" as he zigzagged down the hilly streets of Encinitas at 40 mph without flying off into the adjacent shrubbery, he knew that he was on to something big. It is not given to every man to reinvent the wheel.

Still, the invention needed refining. The wheels would occasionally slip, the bearings would pop out, and there was work to be done on the trucks—the metal supports that connect the wheels to the board. But American technology in its relentless push solved the various problems. Better formulas of urethane were developed; bearings were sealed inside the wheels; wheels were made in bigger sizes; trucks were modified to achieve more strength and flexibility, and boards were designed in new shapes to give the skater a whole new set of "radical" maneuvers. (Radical is the sport's adjective of ultimate praise.) By early 1976 the revolution was essentially complete and in Florida the first skateboard park was built. This is when John caught up with the sport—and when it therefore caught up with me.

At first I didn't think much about it. He mentioned that he was doing some skateboarding, but I assumed it was just the same old fad. Nobody told me that it had turned into a sport. I also assumed that it would strut its brief hour in John's life and vanish, as such interests do in every boyhood. (Where is the slot-car track of yesteryear?)

Soon I began to realize that John wasn't just scooting along the sidewalk. We live in New Haven, a city with many hills, and the name of one of its steepest streets—East Rock Road—kept recurring in his accounts. He said that motorists have a peculiarly startled look when they find themselves being passed by boys on a mere board, propelled by mere momentum.

My God, I thought, he's going downhill faster than cars! I started to notice newspaper articles citing the sharp rise in skateboarding accidents, and I

broadened the subject cautiously. John pointed out that a high proportion of the injuries occur during the skater's first week and many occur on the first day. He said he had learned how to fall safely, and I shouldn't worry. To my amazement—for I can work up a good worry in any number of areas—I never did.

New terminology seeped into my brain. I can now digress, for instance, on the difference between "hotdogging," "gorilla-gripping" and "popping out." I heard of companies that I had never heard of before, and when I went Christmas shopping for John I found myself debating with salesmen the relative merits of Bennett, Tracker and ACS trucks. I remember the subtle moment—undetected, I believe, by the general public—when the preference in wheels shifted from Road Rider 4's to Kryptonics.

Meanwhile, *SkateBoarder* magazine had been born—a handsome publication filled with photographs of the sport's early stars. Can any other father claim that he has followed the rise of Tony Alva and Stacy Peralta? At first, *SkateBoarder* was only a bimonthly and the eight-week wait for a fix was painful for John. Then, mercifully, it became a monthly, and today it is so thick with articles, color photographs and ads for new equipment that it takes almost a month to digest.

I could tell from its pictures that the skaters were performing with acrobatic skill, but I had no sense of the sport's possibilities until a movie called *Freewheelin'* came along. It went as quickly as it came, playing one night at a local theater to an audience of five, of whom John and I were two. It starred the ineffable Stacy Peralta himself, and though the plot had a certain single-mindedness and the script consisted largely of the words "radical" and "really radical," it was the moment of my conversion. I got the point. Stacy and his friends were hurtling down into bowls and zooming up steep walls—and—well, I mean, it was unreal!

This was obviously the skateboarder's ultimate goal, to ride the perfect wall as the surfer rides the perfect wave. It was all very well (except with motorists) to establish a slalom course by placing empty beer cans down the middle of East Rock Road. It was fine to master the tricks that can be done on flat terrain—"nose wheels," for instance, and "360s" and "kneeling tucks" and "power slides." But the thrill would be to "get vertical." This is

skateboarding lingo for what anyone else would call getting horizontal. The skateboarder, his body horizontal at the top of a 90-degree wall, thinks of himself as being vertical to the wall.

But where to find the perfect wall? Downtown New Haven turned out to have some asphalt parking lots bordered by steep embankments, and these were fairly satisfying—but only on Sunday. On other days, being full of parked cars, they were not. Sometimes word would go out, furtively, of a great discovery. Last fall John and a few of his radical friends spent two straight weekends at a warehouse in the town of Shelton that had a cement ramp specially designed for the unloading of trailers. It could have been designed for the getting vertical of skateboarders.



Then word went out that this was not to be done anymore, and they moved—until they were noticed—to the newly emptied swimming pool of a nearby country club. Later they found an ideal slope in the parking lot of a bank, but the manager came out and testily chased them away. I was not surprised; judging by their interest rates, bankers are not partial to adventure and risk.

Clearly it was no way for a boy to live, hounded like Bonnie and Clyde from ramp to reservoir to culvert by the forces of tidiness and law. I bought two tickets to Orlando, and at the airport John's skateboard rolled through the security checkpoint without setting off any alarms.

The next morning in Orlando we rented

a car and drove to Kissimmee, a drowsy town that tourists skirt on their way to Disney World, not far away. But we had no yen to sight the spires of Walt's fairy castle. Our eyes were alert for ribbons of concrete, and suddenly we saw the unmistakable shapes of gliding boys and the magic words KISSIMMEE SKATEBOARD WORLD. That was the world we wanted; Disney could keep his.

In less time than it takes to say "Kissimmee" we were out of the car and into the pro shop. John paid his admission and rented a helmet, kneepads and elbow pads—the three items required in all parks, protecting the three most vulnerable areas. As it turned out, I didn't see a single injury during our week, though I did see plenty of spills.

Actually it would be no more possible for a skateboarder than for a surfer or a skier to learn an intricate move without constantly trying and failing. The skater's disadvantage is that he falls on concrete instead of surf or snow. His advantages are that he won't be wiped out by a wave and that his equipment is not attached to him. Unlike the skier, he can get rid of his board instantly. He runs back down the wall that he has failed to negotiate, the board rolls down separately, and he tries again.

These were some of the patterns that I now began to observe and enjoy. I shared John's elation at finally being in a space designed just for his sport—four acres undefiled by car, guard or banker. After all, the golfer has his golf course

While the "smoothest surface" he ever skated on impressed young Zimser at Kissimmee Skateboard World, the skaters' good manners impressed his father





Back home, John Zeuser, knees pads pushed down for flexibility, maneuvers on an empty street.

SUPER RAD continued

course and the tennis buff his court. Why should the skateboarder be denied?

The Kissimmee park, which opened last May and has been tried by pros like Stacy Peralta, was pleasantly landscaped with grass. Its track was shaped somewhat like an ellipse, with a short staircase that led up to a takeoff point for either of two downhill runs. In one direction a skater could speed down the long main run and ride a sweeping curve that was banked at about 45 degrees; in the other direction he could descend more sharply into a bowl that had steeper sides for radical maneuvers, and both runs brought the skater back to the foot of the stairs. It struck me as a good design in traffic flow and safety, giving the skateboarders various options, preventing them from crossing in front of one another, and enabling them to get back into action just by climbing up the steps.

I was also struck by the code of manners and vigilance that prevailed among the skaters. Almost without exception they were boys (though it is a sport that girls can perform well), and the majority were under 16. Some of the best skaters looked about 11 or 12, and a few were as young as seven, obvious naturals. But whatever their age, they awaited their turn—never long—with an easy camaraderie and they always took a last in-

stinctive look, before "dropping in," to make sure that the track was clear. When they fell they retrieved their boards quickly and got out of the way.

The sport was also wonderfully quiet. Urethane wheels with sealed bearings make no noise. Neither do boys who skateboard. They execute their runs in silence, concentrating on control of their bodies, calculating the contours ahead. There is none of the lamentation, for instance, with which the adult tennis player wails to the skies when one of his shots so unaccountably goes out. I felt that I was watching a random ballet. In a society that suspects the worst of its teenage males, I would rather have a skateboard park as my neighbor than a grown man with power tools.

I asked Kissimmee's manager how the park had been designed. He told me it was a joint effort by professional builders, concrete workers, skateboarders and surfers. "Most of the surfers in Florida," he said, "get bored when the waves are flat—which they usually are—and then they turn to skateboarding. They relate it to the wave."

John skated intently for two hours. He was obviously happy. But he was also preoccupied as a scholar, testing the different combinations of banks and turns, getting the park "wired," studying other

skaters who were unusually good or who had mastered some new feat. This mutual admiration is an aspect of the sport that I have liked from the beginning of John's involvement—an eagerness to share new tricks and new boards, to teach and to learn. There is no pressure to compete; the skateboarder's contest, finally, is with himself.

John said that Kissimmee's concrete was the smoothest he had ever skated on. I had always thought that concrete was concrete. Not so. To the skateboarder on his precision wheels it is still another variable in the search for the perfect run.

I asked at the pro shop whether any new parks had opened between Orlando and Daytona, our next destination. It seemed improbable because we had brought a long and presumably current list of Florida parks with names like The Paved Wave and Solid Surf.

"There's one around Longwood," the manager said. "You might check that out."

Just to find it was no cinch. Longwood was a small community in the vast nowhere of central Florida, and it had no signs pointing to a skateboard park. We found it only through the kindness of strangers who directed us down various unlikely roads. This turned out to be typical; most of the parks in Florida were off the trodden path, their owners evidently relying on skateboarders to find them by local knowledge, sheer persistence, or, perhaps, instinct. Skateboarding may be the only attraction in that state that does not wear out its welcome with strenuous publicity—Gatorland Zoo! Parrot Jungle!—on billboards.

The Longwood park was relatively new, and from the parking lot it looked "super rad." It was. In the middle it had a man-made hill from which skaters could zoom down in different directions: some into a steep-sided bowl, some down a run that went through an eight-foot-high pipe, some down a run that was a deep trough with a 12-foot wall at the turn. It was there that I saw my first "pop-out"—a boy and his board riding up the wall and beyond its rim, turning 180 degrees in midair and riding back down.

I could hardly believe so spectacular a feat. I had seen pictures of it in Skate-Boarder, but now I was really seeing it. The boy would start his run like a downhill racer in skiing, gaining enough speed

to propel him higher than the edge of the wall. He practiced it again and again, sometimes falling and running down, but more often succeeding. This became one of my main pleasures: to find in every crowd of good skaters the few who were brilliant. It is a pleasure that every sports fan knows, and it never takes long. When Willie Mays came up to the Giants we all knew right away that we were seeing something special.

Longwood was cruder than Kissimmee. The concrete was not as smooth and the traffic flow not as safe. Still, I didn't see any collisions, and the park undeniably had a certain excitement—the hint of danger that loiters around the whirling rides at a second-rate carnival. John skated again for two hours, playing it conservatively, testing the pipe, and admiring the pop-outs. That night at our motel in Daytona Beach we knew that it had been a day well spent.

In the morning we headed south, skipping the euphonious Tamoka Moon Forest, north of Daytona, because we wanted to visit Skateboard City, which we had heard was the country's first park. This would make it the sport's only historic shrine. When we found it—again no easy task—in a scrubby area in the town of Port Orange, I had no trouble believing it was America's pioneer park. After only two years it had the seedy look of a 1930s miniature golf course, and somehow the contours didn't look good.

"It came out pretty well considering they didn't know what they were doing," the manager told me. What they also didn't know, of course, was how far skateboarders would push themselves to new levels of dexterity. The very idea of a pop-out would have been outlandish.

The park consisted of a narrow strip of concrete hills and dales with a few bumps that had been added later. John ventured out almost with reluctance. "It can't be designed to skate in," he reported after a few runs. "None of the angles are right." He skated more timidly than at Kissimmee and Longwood, though the park was nowhere near as radical, and it was the only time I was nervous watching him. After a while we left. We had paid our homage to the past and it no longer worked.

We continued south along the coast, pausing at the Kennedy Space Center. It was jammed with pilgrims paying homage to the future and to the marvels of

group technology. But it didn't hold our interest, perhaps because our trip was a celebration of the individual—of what one person can do on an unmotorized piece of wood. We pushed on to try to find Indian Harbor Beach Skatepark, near Melbourne, and in the usual due time we found it.

I liked Indian Harbor. It was spacious and well landscaped, with a diversity of runs and walls and bowls, and the skaters were enjoying it. Being a newer park, opened last summer, it had rounded concrete edges everywhere, enabling boys to skate along the rim and to drop in at any point—to ride down into a bowl and up the other side and then to drop in somewhere else. For me as a spectator it was the most continuously fluid of the parks.

So our week ran its curious course. It was a uniquely American tour—we were propelled by Hertz, fed by McDonald's, bedded by Holiday Inn and nudged off to sleep by Starsky and Hutch and Merv Griffin. Many of the names have now begun to blur: Fort Pierce has merged with Fort Lauderdale, Ground Swell with Skateboard Heaven. Every day we would hear of new parks being opened, and, needless to say, we didn't catch them all. The only one that was easy to find—visible from I-95 between Fort Lauderdale and Miami—was Skateboard U.S.A., in Hollywood. John also thought it was the best. It had many steep and difficult banks. But it was more compact and crowded than the other parks, and I spent less time savoring the logical flow of bodies than bracing myself for the unavoidable collision which was nevertheless always avoided.

Now we are home. We have seen the first and second generation of parks, and I think I can safely predict that the sport is here to stay. You, too, can be a skateboarding father or mother. But you probably can't be a father or mother who skateboards. I asked John what he thought the cutoff age was.

"After 30 you'd hurt yourself too much when you fall," he said. As cutoff ages go, that cut me off by quite a margin.

Still, skateboarders have one phrase that has been helpful to me in other corners of my life during moments of hesitation or doubt, and I pass it on for the benefit of any parent over 30 who may feel impelled to give the sport a try: "Go for it!"

END



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'HOW SOON CAN I SEE THE BABY?'

When you're laboring in races and agony sets in, the running doctor says let your Creator know what's going on. It will help you relax.

by **DR. GEORGE A. SHEEHAN**



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD ROTH

Sheehan wails, groans and sighs so loudly that fellow runners tend to shy away from him.

The goal of the runner is not health. His objective is the fitness necessary for maximum performance. Health is something the runner goes through en route to fitness, a way station he hardly notices in his pursuit of the 20% to 30% of physical capacity that lies untouched. And health, therefore, is what he risks in training to do his best, because just beyond fitness and a personal record lies staleness, and with it fatigue and exhaustion and depression and despair.

I have gone through this sequence many times over the years. In reaching for my peak at distances from the mile to the marathon, I have discovered that disaster is only a hard workout or an all-out race away. I have gone through the runner's version of being overtrained or overgolfed, of leaving my fight in the gym. I have become stale. I have reached that state where, as Vince Lombardi once said of fumbles, "There is nothing to do but scream."

My task then is to reach this fine line, and not go over.

As a result, over the years I have come to believe in two rules about training. The first: it is better to be undertrained than overtrained. The second: if things are going badly, I am undoubtedly overtrained and need less work rather than more. This is in line with former University of Oregon and Olympic track Coach Bill Bowerman's belief that a bad race almost always indicates too much work. For this reason Bowerman has always recommended hard-day/easy-day schedules to avoid overtraining. Most runners and coaches, of course, take the opposite view. For them a bad race is an incentive to double training rather than cut it in half.

But must you wait for a bad race? Is there some way to guide yourself more precisely? Yes, there is. First, by listening to your body. Second, by keeping a fitness index.

Your body is always trying to tell you where you are. Listen to it. Beware when you become tired and listless, when you lose interest in workouts and approach them as a chore rather than a pleasure. Back off when you become lightheaded

on arising or notice an irregularity in your pulse. Slow down if you get a cold or sore throat or feel as if "mono" is coming back. Be on the alert if you develop depression insomnia, which is indicated by ease in getting to sleep but repeated awakenings during the night, or remain unrefreshed after a night's rest. Take it easy if your attention span diminishes and you can't concentrate. Listen well to these things. Your homeostasis, the equilibrium between your body and training stress, is breaking down.

Keeping a "fitness index" is simple, and because it can be charted, it is more satisfactory to some runners than listening to their bodies. When you wake in the morning, lie in bed for five minutes, then take your pulse. To do this, grasp your Adam's apple between your thumb and your index finger. Then slide the fingers back about an inch or more until you feel the carotid arteries pulsating. Now count the pulses for 60 seconds. Also check your weight and breathing. Then record the data on your chart. Follow the same procedure later in the day after training. Take your pulse at the conclusion of your workout and again 15 minutes later.



To check your pulse, grasp your throat with thumb and fingers

As you record these figures over the weeks you will chart your course through health to fitness. You will see a weekly improvement—a lowering of your pulse rate—until you level out at your basic heart rate, in my case around 50 beats per minute. Now you must be wary of any sudden rise. If the morning pulse is up 10 or more beats, you have not recovered from the previous day's training. Practice therefore should be eliminated or curtailed until the pulse returns to normal.

Such attention to pulse taking may make a hypochondriac or a neurotic out of you. But more than likely the fitness index will give you better control of your running life. There is no better early-warning system for detecting the onset of overtraining, no better way to avoid staleness, the catastrophe on the other side of fitness.

One way for a doctor to acquire skill, said Plato, was to have knowledge of medical science and a wide acquaintance with disease. But according to Plato, the best way was to have experienced all kinds of disease in his own person. And, to this end, he thought that a doctor

continued



At the Human Performance lab, the idea is to reach your absolute physical limit, then go farther.

should not be of altogether healthy constitution. Such a liability would not, of course, keep a physician or any Greek from being an athlete. Everyone in those days was urged to train both body and mind, thereby arriving at the proper harmony between energy and initiative on one hand and reason on the other.

Like it or not, I have followed the Platonian prescription. I am a runner-doctor with a defective constitution. And my diseases are a lengthening litany ranging from head to toe, from dandruff to athlete's foot. At one time or another something in every section of me has gone awry.

My respiratory tract, for instance, is noticeably defective. My sinuses refuse to empty. My Eustachian tube is forever clogging off. My ears ring. My tonsils are out. And a postnasal drip is a constant companion.

My circulation is little better. My electrocardiogram is abnormal. I have peculiar heart sounds, a pulse that occasionally goes into a conga rhythm, and a worrisome ache in my chest when I think about these things.

All the while, there is hardly anything right going on in my abdomen, what with a hiatus hernia, a duodenal ulcer, an absent gallbladder, diverticulosis and two sizable inguinal hernias.

From my hips down, I am the battleground for a war between me and my running. My feet, legs, knees and sciatic nerve all have been the sites of major skirmishes, but now co-exist relatively pain free in an uneasy truce.

All of this has turned out to be, as Plato suggests, an extraordinary learning experience.

I am not a runner who suffers in silence. When I am hurting, everyone around me knows it. If I am in pain during a race—and I almost always am—the runners in my vicinity are all too aware of it. And even when I am alone on the roads, distressed by hills or speed, I'm likely to fill the air with groans and sighs and "Oh Gods."

One reason is that my pain threshold is at the level of a firm handshake. I am hardly into a race when the pain arrives in quantity. I am like a novice who suddenly realizes she is not made out of the same stuff as Saint Theresa. Or a seminarian who now suspects he is not another Ignatius. But there is no going back.

Feeling pain early and often is natural for me. It is equally natural for me to react to it. "Let the parts harmed by the pain give an opinion of it," wrote Marcus Aurelius. I agree. If I am my body and my body is in pain, let it speak. No

animal would repress the wail, the groan. Why should I? Am I not first a good animal? Why not, then, do what is normal and natural?

I am also Irish. I come from a complaining race. We are civilized but not domesticated. Especially my people, the little black men from the bogs who feel pain and sing sad songs. Two generations of attempting to be gentry is not enough veneer to conceal what goes against our grain.

The result is what I am. A method runner. A runner who reacts totally, letting the pain become visible in my face and audible over the countryside.

This is not the way I was taught. In my childhood my heroes were those who withstood pain without flinching. The Spartan youth who, uncomplaining, allowed the fox to eat away his stomach. The Indian brave who impressively watched his own torture. Everywhere in my reading I was encouraged to be a stoic, given as models those who were silent in the face of suffering, those who went to their deaths with a smile on their lips.

I have tried it that way and I can't handle it. When I come apart, the disintegration is total. I come apart all over, and with a loud noise. So I subscribe to Ken Doherty's holistic approach. The former Penn coach always espoused the idea of a total body-mind-spirit reaction. It takes extra energy, he stated, to maintain a passive expression when you're hurting inside. Don't do it, he said. Be yourself. Accept the pain, show it and then you will be able to use it in a positive way. You will be able to relax.

One of the great British runners, Gordon Pirie, was of the same mind. The staff-upper-lip philosophy, he wrote, costs the runner and prevents him from reaching his greatest heights. Better to react completely and use it in the running. "The free relaxed runner shows in his face and gesture that it is torture and agony to give his last ounce of energy." Pirie wrote "How silly to pretend it is not."

Anyone who runs near me knows that I am in agony, knows that I am ready to give my last ounce of energy. If indeed I haven't already done so. This has so disturbed some runners against whom I have competed that they have written to me complaining about it. Apparently they did not want to say anything to me during the race for fear I was about to collapse.

continued

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One colleague sent a note to me asking that I please not run within 200 yards of him in the future. He added the hope that I would desist from calling upon the Deity.

Another younger runner wrote, "Your constant wheezing drains my energy. I feel as if my lungs are a reserve tank for your breathing." My sighs shattered him, too. They contained, he felt, all the despair in the universe. "My mind quickly leaps," he wrote, "to why finish? Why race? Why are we here? Why exist? Please stay away from me."

I sympathize with them. It must be disturbing to have a 59-year-old man hanging on at your shoulder, using your pace, being carried along in your draft, all the while wheezing and groaning and sighing as if every breath will be his last, and continually asking his Creator to take notice of what is going on.

It must be even more disturbing when this aged suffering soul noisily takes off on a sustained sprint and beats you to the finish.

But then the renowned Australian coach, Percy Cerutti, could have told them that would happen. Conscious control, determined maintenance of proper style and decorum of facial expression was, he said, "a concept of weakly men."

You have to let it all hang out, which is no problem for a thin little Irishman with a low pain threshold.

The race should be the ultimate test of my running ability, the stopwatch the final judge, but I never really believe it. I always feel I could do better, that I have not yet exhausted the limits of talent and training. Most of all, I fear I have not given a full 100%.

So I went to Indiana to find out the truth, to spend a day working with David Costill, Ph.D., at the Human Performance Laboratory at Ball State University in Muncie.

Earlier, in Dallas, I had had all the exercise physiology tests given our Olympic distance-running candidates—vital capacity, percent of body fat, muscular strength, maximum oxygen intake, running efficiency and a calf-muscle biopsy. All this to tell what my potential is and whether I am running up to it.

I soon learned that to Costill and his crew, human performance meant maximum human performance. I hardly had time to rejoice over having only 5.3% body fat when I was being pushed to my

limit and beyond. Every test was accompanied by a constant stream of encouragement to do more, to try harder. And every test was repeated until I was doing worse instead of better. They had to know they had pushed me as far as I could go.

During the maximal oxygen uptake test on the treadmill, I knew they had. I had first run a mile at an eight-minute pace, then one at seven minutes, and finally one at 6:40, which is approximately nine miles an hour. Between each mile, I took a break to towel off and get my breath.

But now it was time for maximum effort. The electrodes for the electrocardiogram were reattached to my chest, the plastic helmet holding the oxygen apparatus was readjusted and the mouthpiece was refitted. Then suddenly I was off at a 6:40 pace, going up a 4% grade. Costill's staff would increase the grade to 6% after three minutes and an additional 2% every two minutes thereafter until I couldn't go any farther. When I felt I had only 30 seconds of running left in me, I was to give a hand signal. With each of the first three miles on the treadmill I had been required to noticeably increase my effort, but I had felt in command. It was hard work, but I was getting

accustomed to the peculiarities of the treadmill, of staying in one place, of having people nearby urging and cajoling and imploring me to do my best.

But now, when they raised the grade from 4% to 6%, I knew I was reaching my limit. My legs began to get heavy. The helmet became cumbersome and started to flop around. The mouthpiece was a distraction. I was barely able to keep up. And then they raised the grade to 8%.

A mounting wave of fatigue and pain washed over my body. My chest and legs were in a relentlessly closing vise. More people had wandered in to watch my final agony. They began to take up the chant: "Push!" "Harder!" but the struggle between me and the machine was coming to a close. Six minutes into the test, after one minute at the 8% grade, I gave the hand signal.

I had waited too long. I was finished, but I still had 30 seconds and 130 yards to go on the infernal, unforgiving apparatus. It was an eternity in time, an infinity in space.

Fifteen seconds to go and there was Costill just inches away. "Hang on! Hang on!" Then 10 seconds. How slowly time goes. Five seconds. How could five sec-

continued



The dirty bag should contain everything a runner needs, from shoelaces to pins

onds last so long? Someone was counting: four, three, two, one. The treadmill stopped.

I took out the mouthpiece, gasping, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" The physiologists were poring over their figures. They were delighted. "He went over the hill," said one. I had peaked and gone down the other side, reached my maximum and gone past it. I had done what they wanted me to do.

The pain had receded. I sprawled out in a chair, trying to think of an equivalent maximum human performance.

"How soon," I asked, "can I see the baby?"

The distance runner is a one-man track team. The ambivalent, indecisive, forgetful, absentminded, manually inept daydreamer is not merely a runner. He is also his own coach, manager and trainer—positions which he is incapable of handling. He is never quite sure what type of practice he should do, is likely to show up at a race a day late and is always lacking some essential piece of equipment.

The runner fails as a coach, manager and trainer because he is a feeling, thinking, completely absorbed human being. The man you see running down the road is in a world of his own. He might at that very moment be taking a victory lap after winning the marathon at Moscow in 1980. With such an exciting inner world, is it any wonder the runner forgets such things as shirts and shorts and starting times and first-aid supplies?

The only remedy for his dreamlike state is the ditty bag. Into the ditty bag goes everything a runner might ever need, no matter what the emergency. Its contents should be all-weather, all-seasons. Perennial and universal are the words for the ditty bag.

All this may seem ridiculous to you. What, you may ask, could a runner need besides the minimum he wears while running through towns? Until you've been through a season of road running you could never guess how many things a runner needs and how these needs multiply.

Take shoelaces, for instance. Breaking a shoelace shortly before a race can cause a state of panic equalled only by that in a hunter lining up his first deer. Paralysis, hope, despair, a sense of time accelerating make for a moment you will never want to relive.

Tape is another necessary item, for blisters and blister-prone areas. If there is anything worse than running the last six miles of a marathon, it is running those last six miles with a blister. For this affliction, ordinary tape won't do. It is too stiff. And Band-Aids tend to slide, which is worse. So Zona tape is the tape to use.

Next is Vaseline, to coat you when the wind-chill factor is in the 20s. And to slather over chafed areas in any weather. But tape your feet first. Once you have Vaseline on your hands, the tape becomes unmanageable.

Then come the gloves and the ski mask. There are days so cold that you just won't finish if you have to run without them.

And for the summer, there's the handkerchief. By tying knots in the four corners, you can fashion a cap for your head and cut down on solar radiation. If you keep it wet during the race, it dissipates the heat on August days.

And don't forget a nail clipper and felt pads to use as heel and arch supports. Or the pins for your number and an extra buck for the entry fee. And nasal spray, antacid tablets and APCs. Remember also a ballpoint pen and a pad to record your number, place and time.

On one occasion or another, I have forgotten one, some or all of these essentials. In fact, I have arrived at a race with nothing at all, not even my running gear. So now I have developed a fool-proof solution. I put on my running clothes at home and then check out each article in my ditty bag.

I did that for the Heart Fund race in Jersey City. I dressed at home. No problem. Then I checked the bag. Money, pins, tape, Vaseline, ski mask, gloves, shoelaces, nail clippers, nasal spray, antacids, APCs, pen, pad, extra turtleneck sweater (in case it turned cold), a plastic wrapper that came on clothes from the cleaners (in case it rained), the entry blank with the date and the starting time, some extra sugar cubes and a can of soda for after the race. All present and accounted for.

On the way up, I was relaxed, knowing I had prepared myself for any eventuality. But when I walked into the dressing room in the basement of the Stanley Theater, I had the feeling I had forgotten something.

I had. The ditty bag.

When I was young, I knew who I was and tried to become someone else. I was born a loner. I came into this world with an instinct for privacy and an aversion to loud voices, to slamming doors and to my fellow man. I was born with the dread that someone would punch me in the nose or, even worse, put his arm around me.

But I refused to be that person. I wanted to belong, wanted to become part of the herd, any herd. When you are shy and tense and self-conscious, when you are thin and scrawny and have an overbite and a nose that takes up about one-third of your body surface, you want friends. My problem was not individuality, but identity. I was more of an individual than I could handle. I had to identify with a group.

I was not unusual in this. Youth rebels, but rebels into other conformities. Moves from Christianity to Communism. From Brooks Brothers suits to T-shirts and jeans. From meat and potatoes to macrobiotic diets. From crew cuts to long hair. But no one is going it alone. No one is facing just who he is.

We all know this to a degree. We refuse to accept the true self so painfully evident to the young, a self so tragically concealed from the old. "There is only one complete, unblushing male in America," wrote the sociologist Erving Goffman in *Stigma*, "a young, married, white, urban, northern, heterosexual, Protestant father of college education, fully employed, of good complexion, weight and height, and a decent record in sports."

Anyone who fails to qualify in any one of these ways, says Goffman, is going to view himself from time to time as unworthy, incomplete and inferior.

I spent my first four decades with these feelings, combating my own nature and trying to become someone I was not. I concealed the real me under layer after layer of coping and adjusting and compensating, all the while refusing to believe that the person I had initially rejected was the real me.

Then I discovered running and began the long road back. Running made me free. It rid me of concern for the opinions of others and liberated me from rules and regulations imposed from outside. Running let me start from scratch.

It stripped off those layers of programmed activity and thinking, set new

continued

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priorities about eating and sleeping and what to do with leisure time. Running changed my attitude about work and play, about whom I really liked and who really liked me. Running let me see my life-style from a different point of view, from the inside instead of out.

Running was discovery, a return to the past, a proof that life can come full cycle and that the child was father to the man. The person I found was the person I was in my youth, the person who was hypersensitive to pain, both physical and psychic, a nominal coward, the person who did not wish his neighbor ill, but did not wish him well either. That person was me and always had been.

I am a lonely figure when I run the roads. People wonder how far I have come, how far I have to go. They see me alone and friendless on a journey that has no visible beginning or end. I appear isolated and vulnerable, a homeless creature. It is all they can do to keep from stopping the car and asking if they can take me wherever I'm going.

I know this because I feel it myself. When I am driving and I see a runner, I have much the same thoughts. No matter how often I run the roads myself, I am struck by how solitary my fellow runner appears. The sight of a runner at dusk or in inclement weather makes me glad to be safe and warm in my car and headed for home. And at those times, I wonder how I can go out there myself, how I can leave comfort and warmth to do this thing.

But when I am finally there, I realize it is not comfort and warmth I am leaving, not intimacy and belonging I am giving up, but the loneliness that pursues me this day and every day. I know that the real loneliness begins long before I put on my running shoes. It begins with my failures as son, husband, father, physician, lover, friend. It begins when those other gods have failed, the loved ones, the career, the triumphs, the victories, the good life.

The heartbreaking loneliness begins when I realize that no one can think for me; no one can live for me; no one can die for me. I can count on no one for help. The true loneliness, then, is me seeing that nothing I do is true.

When I'm about overwhelmed by all this, I take this loneliness out on the roads to find my true self, to hear my own mes-

sage, to decide for myself on my life. But most of all, to know certainty, to know that there is an answer, even though I may never find it.

All this is not new. Hell may be other people, but the final enemy is within. "Will I always torment like this?" wrote André Gide. "I worry from morning to night. I worry about not knowing who I will be: I do not even know who I want to be."

And hear R. D. Laing, the psychiatrist: "Whoever I am is not to be confused with the names people give me or what they call me. I am not my name. I am a territory. What they say about me is a map of me. Where O? Where is my territory?"

When you see me, that lonely figure out on the road, I am looking for my territory, my self, the person I must be. There I am no longer the observer watching myself think and talk and react. I am not the person others see and meet and even love. There I am whole; I am finally who I am.

And there I encounter myself. That encounter occurs in a deep, totally isolated place that cannot be understood or touched by others, a place that cannot be described as much as experienced. It is no longer me and the abyss; it is me and my God.

But of course this is only the outline, the game plan. In actuality, it is not that easy. Like all pilgrimages, this one is filled with stops and starts, with peaks and valleys, with pains and pleasures. There are periods of depression and elation, times when I overflow with joy at this conjunction of action and contemplation, other times when I am so tired I must stop and walk. But in that hour I know certainty. I know there is an answer to my odd union of animal and angel, my mysterious mixture of body and consciousness, my perplexing amalgam of material and spirit. And if that answer is only for the moment and only for me in my lowest common denominator, me the runner, it is still enough.

By abandoning myself to this, by, as Emerson said, unlocking my human doors, I am caught up in the life of the universe. Then, finally, loneliness is dispelled. I know I am holy, made for the greater glory of my Creator, born to do His work. Which for this day and this hour is running, a lonely figure on a lonely road.

END

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A CHEERLEADING BOOM-BAH

These are cruel times for honest-to-goodness, sis-boom-bah cheerleaders. The word itself has fallen into such disrepute that anyone who is tagged as a cheerleader for any cause is dismissed as a narrow, saddle-brained boob. And while we're on that subject, there are also the Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders. Is this the wave of the future in cheerleading? "Gimme an S, gimme an E, gimme an X... whadya got?" Even as you read this, the citizens of Los Angeles, envying the exposure given the Dallas beauties, are scouring the streets for "Ram girls" (SCHEDULE, April 17). As many as 2,000 scantily clad Angelinos are expected to vie for the 20 spots on the sideline, where they will do their bare-midriffed best to divert interest from the Rams offense.

So, wouldn't it be nice if we could hear it again for all those old-fashioned cheerleaders who work for the team instead of for TV close-ups? This very thought occurred to Producer Brad Marks, who while watching cheerleaders at a college football game one weekend mused, "Why don't we, just once, show something positive about the good young people in America?" If memory serves, this same observation used to leave Dick Clark's lips at 10-minute intervals, but even though Marks was once a devotee of American Bandstand, he pushed ahead. The result of his efforts, which can be seen next Monday night, April 24, on CBS, is the first National Collegiate Cheerleading Championships.

I was a judge at these proceedings, which were taped early in April at the Sports Arena in Los Angeles, with teams from five finalist colleges. There is a lot of monkey business in the show, despite the best intentions, positive witness to the goodness of American youth cannot, by itself, be trusted to consume 90 minutes of prime time. Thus considerable portions of the NCCCs are devoted to the extraneous antics of George Burns, Grrr Kelly, Lou Rawls and Cheryl Ladd.

(The question of whether or not a cheerleading contest is primarily entertainment or sport was answered conclusively, I think, by Marks and his minions when they designated the distinguished writer from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as a "judge." The journalist from *Daily Variety* was ranked as a "celebrity judge" and lumped with the likes of Charles (Peanuts) Schulz, Bert Jones of the Colts and

the redoubtable Cheryl Tiegs.)

The show's co-hosts, Phyllis George and Bruce Jenner, together exude so much saccharin that they should be declared dangerous to viewers' health by the FDA. But they are a positively inspired pairing, America's adorables, and perhaps it's high time that somebody took a run at Donny and Marie. Phyllis, who was a high school cheerleader, dresses up as once she did for the glory of the Denton (Texas) Bronco; Bruce dons the sweater of his alma mater, Graceland (Iowa) College. They nimbly perform a "cheerleading lift" and sing a ditty entitled *Sporting Hoe-downs*, which manages in 2½ minutes to invoke the names of 32 athletes and seven teams, e.g., "Bobby Hull with a neat hot trick/Secretary's fabulous kick/That's the sporting hoe-down." But seriously, folks.

If life is indeed a game, then both Phyllis and Bruce are currently at the wit-cull window. Phyllis has just concluded an unfortunate marriage that lasted approximately as long as the NBA playoffs, and she recently signed a new contract with CBS that will effectively remove her from sports and take her into other sorts of programming in which her grace and graciousness will better serve her. Bruce—soon to be a new daddy—is nearing the end of his contract with ABC and, like Phyllis, appears to be angling away from traditional sports work into the more spacious world of what is known in TV biz as MOR—middle-of-the-road. Besides his vaudeville turn on the NCCCs, Jenner will also be featured next week on a Dorothy Hamill special, in which he will sing and generally cavort. Now would be an apt time, I think, for Bruce to get a grown-up's haircut.

But, traditional TV diversification aside, the cheerleading competition is all business. The five teams, battling for \$25,000 in scholarship money, were all scrupulously selected after rigorous screening of entrants from 62



USC'S TEAM LOOKED AS THOUGH IT HAD TRAINED IN LAS VEGAS

NCAA Division I schools. The finalists were chosen by The International Cheerleading Foundation, an affiliate of the NCAA, which has been naming a national champion for the last 11 years (Penn State won in 1977). The ICF is headed by its founder, Randy Neil, himself a former cheerleader at Kansas, who is known variously as "Mr. Spirit" and "the creator of the vinyl pom-pom."

I did peek—though I shall not divulge—the winner of the \$10,000 first prize. But it wasn't easy, not only because all the finalists are very proficient, but also because they exhibit great vanity in their six-minute routines. For example, Southern Cal, with the home-court advantage and the prettiest girls, presents a veritable Vegas spectacular. Kansas is the best dressed and most athletic; North Carolina is well-scrubbed and deep, not unlike a Dean Smith team. Florida, with the best-looking boys, oozes the most enthusiasm, while Penn is the most spontaneous and most fun to watch. The Panthers' costumed mascot also proves to be a more versatile beast than the Gator or the Jayhawk.

As the taping, the crowd took its cues well and dutifully cheered for the cheerleaders instead of with them. However, I am also honor bound to report that the crowd cheered loudly of all for the celebrity judge, Cheryl Tiegs. As Ben Franklin so sagely put it (or was it Voltaire?): "Vinyl pom-poms will only take you so far."

END



Fleetest of the Royal fleet

If rookie Willie Wilson hits only .230, Kansas City thinks he'll steal 70 bases

When Willie Wilson, the Kansas City rookie with turbocharged legs, strolled to the plate in a spring training game, Yankee Catcher Cliff Johnson eyed him coolly and posed the interesting—if surly—question: "How are you gonna steal first?" No wonder the thought was on Johnson's mind, for in 20 games in Florida, Wilson swiped 23 bases, including 21 in a row. That figures. After all, he stole 76 in 127 games at Waterloo in 1975 and swiped 74 in

132 games at Omaha last year, when he was thrown out only nine times.

Grown men who ought to know better can't control their vocal cords when it comes to the subject of Wilson's speed. Royal Manager Whitey Herzog says, "He's as fast as anybody I've ever seen." Including Mickey Mantle and Willie Davis? "Yup." Coach Steve Boros goes the boss one better, saying, "I think he's the fastest I have ever seen in a baseball uniform. Of course, my memory may be failing." Nearly every team that talks trade with K.C. suggests that Wilson be included in the conversation. As Chicago White Sox First Baseman Lamar Johnson told Wilson, "It's a shame you're so quick."

All of which is heady stuff for a 22-year-old switch hitter who knows little about reading pitcher tip-offs, who is reluctant to dive headlong back to first base, whose leads are too short, whose jumps are too late and whose attention to detail leaves a lot to be desired. Wilson tends to delay his getaway by raring back before he goes, and he looks around too much when he runs. He also likes to steal

Despite leads that are too short and a takeoff that's too late, Wilson stole 21 straight this spring

on fastballs, which most good runners are loath to do, and on pitchouts, which a good runner would never do. But when the dust clears, Wilson is generally at second, next to an umpire who has his hands palms down and a fielder who is muttering to the ball. "Just wait until I learn how to steal," says Wilson.

Yet Johnson brought up a nettlesome truth that day in Florida. To use his speed (3.9 seconds from the left side of the plate to first, compared to a major league average of 4.3) Wilson has got to hit. "If he only hits .230," says Herzog, "he'll steal 70 bases." That may be a tall order. Although Wilson hit .281 at Omaha last year, in the first few games of the regular season fans usually had to be content with evaluating Wilson's fluid running style as he glided from first base to the dugout after making an out.

At week's end, Wilson had reached base only five times in 22 appearances at the plate. But as a clue to what he has in mind for the summer, he still managed to steal three bases. He was also caught stealing once. In K.C.'s 6-5 win over Cleveland Saturday night Wilson singled to short left in the second inning—except for Willie, with his loping yet blazing stride, it was a double. He singled again in the fourth, but in a clear demonstration of his need of schooling he promptly—and easily—was picked off first by Don Hood. "If he can just hit .230," repeated Herzog as Wilson's average hovered at that figure, "Hell, his speed ought to be worth .200."

Wilson is only the flagship in the Royals' fleet fleet. Utility Infielder U.L. Washington, another rookie, is probably the second-fastest man on the club (although Herzog says it could be Al Cowens), and U.L. also digs stealing bases. He had 39 in Omaha last year, and stole three in as many attempts in the only game he has played this season.

Then there's Shortstop Freddie Patek, who led the league last year in steals with 53, and Outfielder Amos Otis, who led the league in 1971 with 52 and stole 39 in 1975. Otis, say his teammates, is capable of swiping as many as he cares to. Says Patek, "Wilson can throw some panic in a few people. Then if word gets around that all of us will run, well, it could be a fun year."

Last season the Royals stole 170 bases.

(Continued)

Why some old oil wells are getting all steamed up.



Steam helping to recover trapped oil in old wells. At a cost, to date, of \$15 million in this one field alone.



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es, second in the league behind Oakland, and Patek predicts 300 this season. Catcher Darrell Porter laughs and says, "I'm not sure we're great but we're definitely exciting." And apparently destined to stay that way. Says Herzog, "If we don't run, we'll lose." And that brings all talk back to Willie.

Wilson is unable to explain where he got his speed, other than to say, "My mother wasn't fast." Whatever, his speed is classic. When he was nearing graduation from Summit (N.J.) High School in 1974, where he was a 6' 3", 187-pound running back, 250 colleges sought his football services. Michigan was among them, and even today Bo Schembechler's eyes glaze at the mention of Wilson. "Was he fast?" Schembechler says. "My goodness. He was the best prospect in America." Maryland finally won out. But that only signaled the end of the football recruiting war. Next came the baseball people.

They brought with them an extra added ingredient: money. But Wilson insisted he wanted to play football. Eight baseball teams looked him over. The ninth, Kansas City, took a chance and made him its first draft pick. The Royals offered Wilson a \$50,000 signing bonus. Ultimately they paid him \$90,000 and set aside more money for Wilson to pursue a college education, should he choose to do so.

Wilson paid off \$3,000 of his mother's bills, bought his brother a bike, purchased himself a Datsun (he has now moved up to a \$14,500 Lincoln), put the rest in banks and blue-chip stocks and then went speeding off to the minors. When Herzog got his first look at the right-hand-hitting Wilson, the manager thought Wilson should try batting left-handed—or at least switch-hitting. A coach broached the idea to Wilson and reported back, "Whitey, he doesn't think he's interested." So Herzog approached Wilson in the spring of 1977 and said, "If you're not interested in switch-hitting, you can't play in the big leagues." Wilson's interest perked up. He found switching difficult at first. "Mentally, I was all messed up," he says. "Then the pride in me came out."

There are members of the Royals organization who think that Wilson should bat left-handed all the time and just chop at the ball. Presumably that would result in a lot of grounders—which in return would result in a lot of bobbles, juggles,

errant throws and general defensive hysteria as fielders tried to pick up the ball and throw it to first before Wilson could zoom across the bag.

No matter how Wilson reaches first, butters who follow him in the order should benefit from the unsettling effect of his presence. Pitches now necessitate fastballs later. And RBI possibilities increase. Says Wilson, "When I get on first, I figure second and third will be mine in just a second or two."

It's fortunate for Wilson that he also had a splendid spring at bat, hitting .250, and in the field. As a result he's starting in left field ahead of Tom Poquette, who was the Royals' best exhibition-season hitter at .439. Still, Herzog admits that if it weren't for Wilson's speed, "he'd be at Jacksonville," where the Royals' AA club plays. Says Herzog, "If I have Willie here but don't play him, he'll never become a hitter. If he can't hit, he can't run. If he can't run, he can't help us." But, oh, that running. In spring training, John Schuerholz, the Royals' director of scouting and player development, says he had to arrange for three different foot races to make it fair—one for the white players, one for the blacks and one for Wilson.

As for U. L. Washington (the initials don't stand for anything), nobody ever worshipped before his talent. Indeed, he's different from Wilson in almost every way. Growing up in Stringtown, Okla. limited his media exposure. Nobody asked him to go to college and play games. Nobody offered him even \$900 to play pro baseball. He knocked around a junior college and was working in an Oklahoma City printshop when his brother, who lived in Kansas City, read of a Royals all-comers tryout. He gave U. L. bus fare. Washington caught the scouts' eyes at the tryout by enthusiastically attempting to catch foul balls hit during batting practice. When he signed his contract in 1972 and was sent to the Royals' now-defunct baseball academy in Bradenton, Fla., he got a pair of shoes, a glove and \$48 every two weeks.

Washington is far more a student of stealing and base running than Wilson, and may well have more of a future as a Royal, partly because he's the heir to Patek at short. He is also a switch hitter, but he learned the art earlier and for different reasons than Wilson: in 1975 Washington suddenly found that he couldn't hit sliders batting right-handed.

His base running is methodical (6½ steps off first to draw a pitcher's throw, 5½ steps if he's going to steal against a right-hander, 3½ against a left-hander), and he loves to slide. "Willie is fast," says U. L. "I have to be smart."

Running may well be the key as the Royals try to win their third straight Western Division title, and Kansas City fans will be reminded of this when the scoreboard flashes an animated roodrunner being passed by a gliding Wilson. Rookie First Baseman Clint Hurdle, not known for his speed, puts Wilson on the head and says, "You're my meal ticket. You and your legs have got to get me to the World Series and make me some money." But, first of all, how do you steal first?

THE WEEK

(April 9-15)
by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST In his first four times up against St. Louis on Saturday, Greg Luzinski of Philadelphia (3-2) kept taking his eyes off the ball. Result: three strikeouts, one groundout. With Larry Bowa on first in the last of the 10th, Phillie Phanatic Ozzie Clark felt he could get Luzinski to "stay with the pitch" by calling for a hit and run. Result: Luzinski eyed the ball, drilling it for a double, and the Phillies won 3-2.

Wary of being called "scrubmits" or "reserves," the Cardinals' second-liners dubbed themselves the "Main Ingredients." The most prominent MI was Mike Phillips, who while filling in at second base had two RBIs and made two dazzling fielding plays at St. Louis (4-3) squeezed past Pittsburgh 6-5. But the main men were Keith Hernandez, who hit .524 and had eight RBIs, and Bob Forsch, who no-hit the Phillies.

"The idea this year is not to heat ourselves," said Manager Joe Torre as he explained the first step in New York's so-called "New Era." At times, the Mets (3-4) did, indeed, have a new look. Steve Henderson's pinch grand slam decked Montreal 6-5. Then there was a 3-2 win over the Expos in which Outfielder Tom Greve made a leaping eighth-inning catch that turned what seemed certain to be a bases-loaded triple into a sacrifice fly. Greve then tied the score with a homer in the ninth, and Lenny Randle won it with a double in the 10th. And Craig Swan polished off Chicago 6-0 on five hits. At other times, though, the "New Era" Mets looked like the Mets of old, botching up fielding plays as they twice beat themselves.

Montreal's sterling young outfield was hurt—
continued

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SPALDING

PRESENTS

STREET BALL

WITH
RICK BARRY
AND
DR. J!

HEY LOOK!
IT'S RICK BARRY
AND DR. J!!



ing. Warren Cromartie was out with a pulled hamstring. Ellis Valentine had a twisted knee and Andre Dawson had a bruised heel. Nonetheless, Dawson gave the Expos a 4-3 victory over the Mets with an 11th-inning homer. Larry Parrish batted .471 and drove in seven runs for the Expos (3-2), and Ross Gonsky muzzled the Mets 5-0.

Pittsburgh's Lumber Company looked more like the Slumber Company until the final game of the week. During their first seven games of the season, the Pirates (1-5) hit 176. Then they broke loose, bopping the Cubs 13-10 as Bill Robinson drove in six runs.

Dave Kingman slugged his first homer for the Cubs (4-2) as they trimmed the Pirates 4-3 and doubled in the winning run against the Mets as Ray Burns won 4-2. Then, before a crowd of 45,777, the largest ever for a Cub home opener, Chicago edged the Pirates 5-4 on Larry Bittner's homer in the ninth.

PHIL 4-3 NY 5-4 STL 5-4
CHIC 4-4 MON 3-4 PIT 3-5

NL WEST THE BACK'S GREAT reads the message printed on Dodger outfielder Rick Monday's T shirt. That's his way of making a quick reply to the off-asked questions about the ailment that bothered Monday last season. When he is unable to flash his T shirt to questioners, Monday merely punches his digital watch, which flashes: YES, FOLKS, THE BACK'S FINE. While Los Angeles was winning three of five games, Monday supplied even more graphic proof of his good health by hitting a homer in his first at bat this year at Dodger Stadium. Also proving they were hale were Tommy John and Ron Cey. John showed that his once damaged left arm is fine and that his sinker is better than ever by getting 23 infield outs as he beat Atlanta 5-1. Cey, who pulled a hamstring in spring training, homered and raised his early-season average to .414.

Before facing Pitcher Tommy Boggs of the Braves (1-3), the Dodgers learned of a scouting report on him that said, in essence, "He can't hold his stuff after five innings." Boggs led 4-2 in the sixth but then, right on schedule, bogged down, giving up a three-run homer to Steve Garvey and losing 7-4. Atlanta outfielder Gary Matthews, who was leading the majors in home runs with four, suffered a shoulder separation while making a diving catch and will be out for six weeks. The only upbeat news for the Braves came when they jolted the Padres 8-7 on a two-out, two-run, bottom-of-the-ninth homer by switch-hitting Darrel Chaney, his 12th in 10 seasons and his first ever as a right-handed batter.

Another light-hitting infielder, Rick Auerbach of Cincinnati (4-2), also ended a game dramatically. Auerbach, a .217 career batter, was sent up to bat in the 13th against the Giants. But when the count ran to 2 and 1, Mon-

ager Sparky Anderson figured "they'll give him a fastball" and let Auerbach swing away. In came the fastball and out went a double, which drove in the deciding run in the Reds' 7-6 victory.

After losing to the Reds five times in the first 10 days of the season, the Astros (3-2) finally beat Cincy, 6-1. Houston's Mark Lemongello hurled seven innings of no-hit ball and finished with a three-hitter.

Jack Clark turned on both his power and speed for San Francisco (3-2). Clark's homer helped upend the Reds 3-2, and his speed—he scored all the way from second on a long fly by Terry Whitfield—did in the Padres 3-2. Also excelling were Believers Gary LaVelle (two wins) and Randy Moffitt (one win, one save). Vida Blue, however, was shelved in his first National League start, losing to Cincinnati 12-3.

George (Silence Is Golden) Hendrick of San Diego (1-3), who was named the Padres' MVP for 1977 by local baseball writers, refused to attend a dinner to accept the award, upholding his policy of not communicating with the press. One Padre who spoke up was Dave Winfield, who is donating \$25,000 to buy seats at San Diego games this season for 25,000 underprivileged youngsters. Said Winfield, "Maybe I'm idealistic, but I have a social conscience. If we can help even 20 kids, it'll be worth it." The two outfielders collaborated to give the Padres a 3-2 win over Atlanta, Winfield dashing home with the go-ahead run in the ninth on Hendrick's double.

CIN 7-2 LA 5-2 SF 4-3
SD 2-4 HOU 3-6 ATL 1-5

AL WEST "It's a heckuva thing when you see the tying run at bat for the other team and you can't stop laughing," cracked Kansas City Manager Whitey Herzog. Keeping Herzog in stitches were the glowering Mad Hungarian antics of Al Hrabosky. And the former Cardinal made sure he kept his manager smiling by saving two games. Bringing further joy to Herzog were Steve Busby, who returned to the Royals after an absence of almost two years, and Amos Otis, who came back after a few hours. Busby, once the whiz of the Royal staff, had not pitched a major league game since July 6, 1976 because of shoulder and knee injuries that required surgery. In his comeback effort against the Indians, Busby allowed just two hits before being removed in the sixth with a 3-0 lead. The Royals hung on to win that game 5-4. Otis' comeback occurred after he was rushed in an ambulance to the hospital. He passed a kidney stone there and then went to the ball park, where he slugged a three-run homer that handed the Orioles a 5-2 loss.

About the only one who had a complaint about the first-place Royals (5-0) was ground-keeper George Torma, who said he had to

talk to reekie First Baseman Clint Hurdle "about where he spits his tobacco juice. I gotta train him to spit on the dirt outside first, not on the artificial turf. Tobacco juice is one of the hardest things to get out of the turf."

Aglow, too, were the A's (5-1), who got superlative efforts from four former Giants picked up in the Vida Blue deal: Gary Alexander (three game-deciding hits), Dave Heaverlo (two wins and a save in relief), John Johnson (a 1-0 winner over Seattle in his big league debut), and Alan Wirth, who gave up only two earned runs in two starts. Wayne Gross' homer in the seventh toppled California 2-1, and Jeff Newman's ninth-inning blast beat Seattle 4-3. Oakland pitchers, who had a 4.04 ERA last season, hurled 20% consecutive runless innings and thus far have a 1.16 staff ERA. "Last year I took Maalox," Manager Bobby Whipples said, "So far this season I'm able to put chili on my hot dogs."

There was, however, no joy for the Mariners (0-7), whose losing streak reached eight games. Worse, injuries sidelined Na 1 starter Glenn Abbott and bullpen ace Enrique Romo. Summing up his plight, Manager Darrell Johnson said, "All you can do is scream."

Because the Twins had to catch a plane, it was clear that their game in California would have to be suspended after the Angels (4-2) batted in the 11th. But California's Joe Rudi made it an official game in plate-catching time by breaking up a scoreless deal with a homer. The win went to Reliever Dave LaRoche, who also had two saves. Nolan Ryan went the first 10 innings for the Angels and struck out 12 batters.

Superb fielding and eight homers enabled Chicago (2-3) to beat Toronto 9-5 and 5-4. In the first game, Eric Soderholm hit a two-run homer and made four exceptional grabs at third base. The next day Second Baseman Jorge Orta walloped two home runs and ended the game with a deft fielding play.

Four fresh faces gave Minnesota (4-3) a lift. Roger Erickson beat the Angels 8-1. In a 6-5 conquest of the Mariners, Outfielder Willie Norwood doubled in the 11th and scored the winning run on a single by Third Baseman Larry Wolfe. And Outfielder Bombo Rivera scored three times as the Twins whipped Seattle 14-5. In that rout, the Twins got five RBIs from Craig Kusik.

Three former Pirates helped Texas (1-5) defeat New York 5-2. Dock Ellis earned the victory, Richie Zisk homered, and Al Oliver singled, doubled and scored twice. Preserving the triumph with four strong innings of relief was Roger Moret. Two days later, Moret was hospitalized after having gone into a catatonic trance during which he stood rigid in the locker room for almost an hour with a shower clog in his right hand.

KCS 1-0 OAK 6-2 CAL 5-3 CHIC 4-3
MINN 6-5 TEX 2-5 SEA 2-9

continued

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BASEBALL continued

AL EAST For almost two weeks the Yankees' behavior was exemplary. Even the M&M Boys—Mickey Martell and Roger Maris—came out of the pen to host the world championship flag on opening day in the Bronx. Camaraderie and tranquility prevailed. That was the day Reggie Jackson, who had homered on his last three swings of the 1977 World Series at Yankee Stadium, connected again on his first cut of the home season as New York beat Chicago 4-2. Ed Figueroa then defeated the White Sox 3-2 with the aid of a two-run, inside-the-park homer by Mickey Rivers. Surrounding that game, though, was 1978's first Crankie Yankee brouhaha, which was touched off when five players were fined for unexcused absences from a benefit lunch the day before.

Jim Rice of Boston (4-1) hit 478 and unloaded three homers, one as Bill Lee stopped Chicago 5-0 and another as Lee beat Texas 12-4. In a 5-4 win over the Rangers, Rice resorted to singles, his first tying the score in

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BOB FORSCH: The 28-year-old right-hander pitched the first no-hit game of the season and the first by a Cardinal since Bob Gibson in 1971. He allowed only two walks as he mowed down Philadelphia 5-0.

the eighth and his next sending in the decisive run in the 10th. With Bill Campbell getting a cortisone shot in his sore arm, the Red Sox relied on Dick Drago for bullpen duty. He responded with a victory and a save.

Milwaukee (3-2) extended its winning string to five games by starting off with three convincing triumphs. The Brewers crunched the Orioles 13-5 as Cecil Cooper slugged a grand-slam homer to give Milwaukee a record-equalling three in three games. Gorman Thomas hit a pair of two-run shots to wipe out the Yankees 9-6. And the next day Moose Haas set a club record by striking out 14 batters while defeating New York 5-1.

Baltimore (2-3) then cooled off the Milwaukee bats. The Orioles, who had lost their first five games, overcame a four-run deficit to beat the Brewers 6-5, and then Jim Palmer showed that his arm no longer is ailing by silencing Milwaukee 7-0 on two hits.

An RBI single by Ron Pruitt in the ninth made Cleveland (1-4) a 5-4 victor over Boston. Andre Thornton stroked a three-run homer in that game and accounted for the only two home runs the Tribe hit all week. Homers haunted the Blue Jays (1-4), who were tagged for 12. Toronto's lone win came in its home opener, a 10-8 struggle against Detroit in which Roy Howell had four hits.

MIL 5-2 DET 5-2 BOS 4-3 NY 3-4
CLEV 2-4 TOR 2-5 BAL 2-6

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Octopuses were flying

While fans celebrated Detroit's return to the Stanley Cup by tossing cephalopods and other goodies on the ice, the Red Wings beat Atlanta in the miniseries

In the early 1950s a group of Detroit Red Wing fans introduced the curious custom of flinging a single live octopus onto the ice during the Stanley Cup playoff opener in Olympia Stadium. When the Wings began missing the playoffs on a regular basis several years ago, Detroit's octopus population was spared. Last week that reprieve ended dramatically. Making their first cup appearance in eight seasons, the Red Wings won their best-of-three preliminary series in two straight games over the favored Atlanta Flames. And as Detroit clinched the upset with a 3-2 victory Thursday night before a record Olympia throng of 16,671, fans hurled no fewer than a dozen live octopuses onto the ice.

As a result, maintenance crews kept scurrying around the rink with pails and shovels and more mannerly fans began to wonder whether there might not be a more seemly way of saluting Detroit's hockey revival. In addition to their eight-year absence from the playoffs, it had been 12 years since the Red Wings won

a playoff game, and it has been 23 years since Gordie Howe, Ted Lindsay & Company skated off with the most recent of the club's seven Stanley Cups. The Wings won only 16 games last season, sleepwalking to the NHL's worst record before acres of empty seats in the drafty old Olympia. All of which made it quite stunning that this season rookie General Manager Lindsay and rookie Coach Bobby Kromm were able to put together a hustling club that drew lots of fans back to the Olympia while skating into the playoffs with a 32-34-14 record, eighth best in the 18-team NHL.

Still, the Red Wings did not appear to have a chance against Atlanta, a team that seemed to be going places. At once the youngest (average age: 24.2 years) and biggest (average size: 6' 1½", 194.3 pounds) NHL team, the Flames had a 34-27-19 record, the NHL's seventh best, and finished the regular season with a surge that prompted some observers to think of them as potential Stanley Cup spoilers. Unfortunately, Detroit didn't

get the word. The scrappy Wings withstood Atlanta's efforts to outmuscle them and confounded the Flames with their quickness. As Detroit Captain Dennis Hextall noted happily, "Atlanta is big but really not that physical. And there's no way they can skate with us."

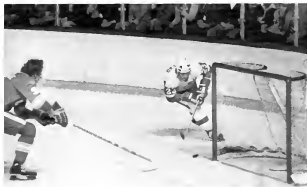
Detroit's win was the lone upset in a preliminary round that also saw Toronto eliminate Los Angeles, Philadelphia subdue surprisingly stubborn Colorado and Buffalo defeat the New York Rangers in the only series to go three games. Detroit is now playing Montreal in the quarterfinals, a thankless task that had Kromm issuing a realistic battle cry, "Bring on the Canadiens. We're going to try to be respectable against them."

The Wings had already gained the respect of the skeptics, who had assumed that Lindsay, a tough guy on the ice during the Howe era, merely meant to build a team of muggers. This speculation had been fueled by pressroom ads promising that AGGRESSIVE HOCKEY IS BACK IN TOWN. But that conjecture failed to reckon with Kromm, who came to Detroit from the WHA's Winnipeg Jets and promptly emphasized skating and conditioning. It also ignored the fact that Lindsay was energetically dealing for talent. From the New York Islanders came Andre St. Laurent, a peppy little center who scored a career-high 31 goals, and out of the WHA came the gifted Czech center, Vaclav Nedomansky, who recovered from season-long doldrums just in time for the playoffs. "I'm looking to build a dynasty," insists Lindsay, who underscored this grand intention last month when he traded Dan Maloney, the team's No. 1 enforcer, to the Maple Leafs for Errol Thompson, who scored 22 goals and 23 assists this season, and two first-round draft choices.

But nothing was more important to the Wings' transformation than the play of three rookies: Defenseman Reed Larson, a former University of Minnesota star with a potent slapshot, who had 19 goals and 41 assists and was a rock in front of his goaltender, speedy and combative Winger Paul Woods, who scored 19 goals after being acquired from Montreal, and Dale McCourt, a sleepy-eyed but slick center selected by last-place Detroit as the first pick in the 1977 NHL draft.

Mccourt does not flinch from his role as designated savior of the Detroit franchise. "I'm glad I wound up here," he says. "When you start at the bottom,

continued



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HOCKEY continued

there's no place to go but up. And that's where our team is heading."

Brought along slowly by Kromm, McCourt had only 10 goals at midseason but finished with 33, tops on the team, and had three hat tricks. His improvement helped the Red Wings play better than .500 hockey down the stretch, and by beating Montreal 4-0 in the season finale at Olympia, Detroit went into the playoffs against the Flames with an added dose of confidence.

In the playoff opener in Atlanta's Omni, the Flames came out hitting—and committing senseless penalties. With a succession of Flames whistled off the ice, McCourt, Thompson, Nedemansky and Hextall scored in the first period to give Detroit a 4-0 lead. The Red Wings coasted to a 5-3 victory that left Kromm crowing. "They can't intimidate my club. They shouldn't have tried."

When the teams moved to Detroit for Thursday's game, the passions of Motown hockey fans were at fever pitch. Scalpers commanded \$60 for a pair of \$11 tickets, and parking spaces near the Olympia were going for \$8. Inside the building, fans bombarded the ice with all those octopuses, as well as two dead chickens, scores of apples and other comestibles. There were moments when the inside of the Olympia was almost as littered as the mean streets outside.

Between deluges of foodstuff, the Flames were playing the Wings to a standstill. The score was 1-1 well into the third period when the Red Wings got a lift from fourth-year Wing, Bill Lochead, who played this season in the shadow of rookie linemates McCourt and Woods. With 11 minutes to go, Lochead slipped the puck past Flame goaltender Danny Bouchard to put Detroit ahead 2-1. Then, after Atlanta's Bobby Lalonde had tied the score, Lochead embarrassed Bouchard again. With 1:34 left, he faked the Flame goaltender out of position, went behind the empty cage and reached around the corner to stuff the puck in. Bouchard lay sprawled on the ice, arms akimbo, much like one of those unfortunate octopuses.

In the Detroit locker room, Lochead shrugged off his game-winning feats. "Everybody chips in on this team," he said. "Tonight it was simply my turn." He made it sound as though the Red Wings were a team of destiny. And measured against what was expected of them this year, they certainly were. **END**

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Jim Simpson, the fifth-ranked Greener, does everything but count dimples on the ball before putting

The stopwatch is finally coming to pro golf, after all these years of competitors requiring a summer vacation and nine bank holidays to take a stance and hit a shot into the bleachers behind the green. In brief, there are some new "pace-of-play" regulations going into effect immediately on the PGA tour, and they could result in fines and even suspensions for those golfers who take an eternity to go 18 holes and then come into the clubhouse without a doctor's excuse or mud on their pants.

Last week at La Costa, where Gary Player won the MONY Tournament of Champions by shooting another spectacular last round, a five-under-par 67, to wipe out Severiano Ballesteros' four-shot lead, PGA Tour Commissioner Deane Beman and some cohorts put the finishing touches on the new code. Beman said it was O.K. to go ahead and call it the Dirty Cuffs Rule because it actually doesn't have a name. Beman then pronounced his clockers and timers ready and announced that the meter was going to start running at this week's Houston Open.

From now on, every player in a PGA co-sponsored event is going to be timed on certain holes during each of his four tournament rounds. These spot checks will then be weighed against the amount of time it takes each of the twosomes or threesomes to complete a round. Studies have already been conducted to deter-

Watch out —or else

In an attempt to speed up play, the PGA tour will clock its members and hit laggards with fines and suspensions

mine how long it should take to play 18 holes, under normal conditions and without bizarre interruptions, on all of the tournament courses in the U.S. The PGA tour knows, for example, that it takes longer to play Sawgrass, with its hurricanes and animal farms, than it does to play Phoenix Country Club, with its gimme par-4s and nacho concessions.

"Slow play is one of the worst things about golf," Beman says. "It doesn't breed new golfers for the public to watch when a lot of our guys out there on the course are taking forever to play a shot, a hole and a round. Slow play results mostly from bad habits. The slow player usually doesn't even know he's slow, because he's concentrating and competing. But he's doing a disservice to the sport, and he's affecting the scoring of those competitors paired with him and playing directly behind him."

Thus, Beman and the PGA Tournament Policy Board have instituted the

Dirty Cuffs Rule, and Beman is correct in proudly announcing that this is the first time anybody has ever gotten serious about trying to do something to eliminate the problem, although slow play in golf is certainly as old as Tom Morris clearing his pipe between whops with a rut iron.

Without soiled britches from having spent the afternoon wading through hazards (that's excusable, poor play being a whole different thing from slow play), the golfer who litters too long on his shots and putts will now have to go quickly to his pocket. Not only that, but Beman will also have the offender's name posted in a public place because he thinks that may embarrass the golfer into speeding up.

"Naturally, we hope no one gets a fine or a suspension," Beman says. "We hope the threat itself will be enough to quicken the pace of play. Ideally, we would like to see all of our rounds speeded up by about 30 minutes. It would make the game more exciting and could even improve scoring."

For a first offense the slow player will be fined \$200. For a second offense, another \$200. Ah, but for the third offense in a 12-month span there will be a \$1,000 fine and a three-week suspension.

The slow players know who they are now, even if they didn't have any suspicions before. All the pros have been timed on a trial basis, and the results have been mailed to every competitor. They were not clocked on tee shots because even the slowest of the pokes never takes very long to find his way between the markers and aim in the proper direction. The stopwatches were running during their second shots, from the instant the golfer took the club out of his bag until his follow-through untangled. The player was timed in the same way on his chip shots and bunker shots. On his first and second putts, the clocks started the split second it became his turn to play.

Beman has not made the timers' findings public, as he will the official clockings in the future, but Secret Agent Ducky Hook of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED got his hands on the document, and there are some fascinating games to be played with it.

If you total up the time it takes the golfers to select a club—can you show me something in a five-iron, please?—straighten their shirts, toss up some blades of grass, adjust their visors, squint, lip read their distances, extinguish their

continued

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cigarettes, discuss War and Peace with their caddies, eat their sugar cubes and finally strike their second shots, chip shots or bunker shots, first putts and second putts, you wind up with the following list of pro golf's current Top Ten of most careful, cautious, tedious and leisurely creepers and crawlers:

1. Curtis Strange
2. Tom Shaw
3. John Schroeder
4. Dale Douglass
5. Jim Simons
6. Hale Irwin
7. Jerry Pate
8. Jim Colbert
9. Kermit Zarley
10. Charles Coody

In other words, these guys are foremost among those who now know they must crouch in the starting blocks.

At the same time, of course, the preliminary sample reveals those who belong to the hit-and-run crowd. In other words, the fastest players. At present the Top Ten speed freaks are:

1. Rod Funseth
2. Bobby Cole
3. Victor Regalado
4. John Schlee
5. Dave Hill
6. Miller Barber
7. Don January
8. Lee Elder
9. Leonard Thompson
10. Tom Weiskopf

That list stunned the golfers in the locker room at La Costa. Most of them would have bet a trunk of cashmere that Lanny Wadkins was the fastest, or very close. Lanny was in the top 25, but he was, in fact, slower than Tom Watson, who was 15th. Anyone among the top 50, incidentally, is considered swift, if you need a point of reference. Jack Nicklaus? Jack wound up in the middle. Ten years ago, of course, he would have been among the slowest. As Ed Sneed said, "Major championships tend to speed you along."

As for individual titles among the slow players, Tom Shaw and Strange are

tops—or bottoms—averaging 47 seconds to hit an approach shot. On chips and bunkers, Pate averages a minute and five seconds, but Irwin, Douglass and Simons are pressing him, all at 56 seconds.

For taking the most time on a first putt, no one is even in Colbert's league. His lining-up and housecleaning chores on the green demand 69 seconds—that's a minute and nine seconds, gang—or, to put it more vividly, eight seconds longer than it takes Funseth to play an entire hole after he's driven.

The second-putt champion is Strange, easily. He takes 29 seconds on the average, which is an indication that he either has trouble finding his ball marker or never manages to get his first putt very close to the hole.

As the highest-rated slow player at La Costa, Simons was asked if the sample findings bothered him. "Yes," he said. "I'm a sensitive person." Simons began to select some other words on the subject, but they were obscured by a yawn. He was fined two candy bars. **END**

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LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

An agreement made in midair was what it took to save Los Angeles' bid to host the 1984 Games and keep Lord Killarney of the IOC from reading the riot act

High-level negotiations pay off

When Lord Michael Killarney, president of the International Olympic Committee, came to Los Angeles last November to be the guest of honor at a luncheon, he said rather plaintively to his hosts, the Southern California Committee for the Olympic Games, "Money seems to be the only thing that has been mentioned."

Last week Killarney met again with a group of Angelenos, this time in Mexico City, and again the subject was money. The occasion was a two-day meeting among representatives of the IOC, the USOC (United States Olympic Committee), the GAIF (General Assembly of International Sports Federations), the SCCOG (the Southern California group), the Los Angeles City Council and Mayor Tom Bradley's office.

By the time the delegates had checked out of the gaudy Fiesta Palace Hotel on the Paseo de la Reforma, the Californians had learned a lesson in international diplomacy, the Olympic officials had broadened their knowledge of American municipal politics, and Los Angeles was a virtual shoo-in to be chosen the host city for the Games of the 23rd Olympiad when the IOC meets in Athens during the third week of May.

For weeks before the Mexico City conference, the IOC and Los Angeles seemed to be on a collision course that might result in the IOC's choice of a site for the 1984 Olympics being put off another year. That way cities such as Montreal or Munich would have time to work up a proposal for a return engagement. The problem arose in January when Los Angeles, the sole bidder for the 1984 Games, decided to press its advantage and replied to the detailed "questionnaires" of the IOC and the various international sports federations in language to which these groups were unaccustomed. "It was hard-nosed, we admit," says Anton Calleja, who is Mayor Bradley's chief administrative assistant and was spokesman for the Los Angeles delegation in Mexico.

But that was merely aggravation, it was

Los Angeles' apparent intention to disregard the IOC's Olympic rules and by-laws that caused things to really hit the fan. For instance, Rule 21 reads, "Cities entrusted with the organization of the Olympic Games . . . shall be liable to pay to the IOC whatever sum the IOC shall have fixed. . . . All sums arising out of the celebration of the Olympic Games . . . belong to the International Olympic Committee. It reserves the right to grant a portion to the Organizing Committee and to allocate a portion to the International Federations and the National Olympic Committees."

Regarding that rule, Los Angeles wrote the IOC that "These provisions . . . are unacceptable to the City of Los Angeles. . . . All sums will be received and controlled by the OCOG [the organizing committee that will be formed once the Games are awarded] which has the responsibility for staging the Games. . . ."

In essence, Los Angeles was challenging the IOC rules. Lord Killarney's reply was brief and blunt: "The Olympic Games are the sole property of the IOC, which owns all rights over them and is the final authority. . . . Therefore, the Games cannot be the sole property of the Organizing Committee."

Meanwhile, the European press got hold of Los Angeles' reply to the federations' questionnaires and professed to be outraged by the city's effrontery. "Beligerent" and "arrogant," thundered the Manchester Guardian. Thomas Keller, a Swiss who is president of GAIF and the head of the International Rowing Federation, was in London at the time for a meeting. The Los Angeles financial proposals, he said, were unacceptable. "There are many other cities which could handle the Games. . . . I am going to Mexico City to help Lord Killarney tell the Los Angeles people this. We shall now have to call again for the bids."

When Killarney's letter reached Los



Angeles, Mayor Bradley was out of town. John Ferraro, the president of the Los Angeles City Council and acting mayor in Bradley's absence, answered for him. Ferraro, a huge rumpus man who played tackle for USC in the early '40s, is a key proponent of the Games and a person of considerably more diplomacy than the drafters of the initial L.A. response. "It is not our intent to usurp the authority of the IOC," Ferraro wrote, "rather to exercise delegated responsibility and authority pursuant to specific contractual agreements. As elected representatives of our people and as guardians of the public treasury, our commitments on behalf of the city must at all times be finite."

Obviously, Los Angeles, the site of the 1932 Olympics, did not want to have to withdraw its bid. It has been trying since 1939 to get a second crack at the Games. On the other hand, the Los Angeles group dared not appear to be giving any ground on money issues in Mexico City. Its support back home depended on its hanging tough. A poll taken last fall indicated that 80% of Angelenos favored hosting the Games, but only 35% still wanted the Games if they were not financially self-sufficient.

As for the IOC, it could hardly allow the insubordination of a bunch of churlish Californians to undermine its authority for years to come. Yet, the IOC did not want to lose Los Angeles as a bidder, because there was no immediate replacement and because the committee needed Los Angeles, with its "Spartan" concept of financing, to repair some of the damage done the IOC image by Mon-

continued

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OLYMPICS continued

treed's \$800 million deficit after the 1976 Games.

In the end, both sides gave way. The Californians submitted to an IOC wrist slapping for their bad manners, and the IOC acknowledged the Californians' right to refuse to pay for anything they had not agreed to contractually. A paragraph to be inserted into the general-policy section of the Los Angeles bid was worked out on a flight between Los Angeles and Mexico City by John C. Arcue, a lawyer who is president of the SCCOG, and David McKenzie, an attorney who is Australia's senior member of the IOC. It was laughably simple. "The Los Angeles Organizing Committee recognizes the priority of IOC Rules but reserves the right to reject any changes to the positions stated in the Responses to Questionnaires if such changes are directed to or have the effect of in any way requiring additional expenditures in the organization or running of the Games themselves."

That out of the way, the mood of the meetings was so buoyant that even Javier Ostos, head of the notoriously demanding International Swimming Federation, was not unilaterally opposed to the idea of using temporary pools installed in Dodger Stadium during the Olympics.

Assuming Los Angeles receives the final approbation of the IOC in Athens next month, its Organizing Committee will have cleared only the first hurdle. If the organizers are to succeed in their "Spartan" approach they must, for the next six years, resist the demands of the profligate, neutralize the enmity of the penurious and fend off attacks by the politically opportunistic. They have a powerful and influential adversary in the Los Angeles Times, which seems to have chosen the role of full-time wet blanket. When it was suggested to the Times' Kenneth Reich that he seemed to be reaching for the negative in his coverage, Reich replied that it was "the story the public wants to read."

Perhaps so. But the 1932 Games remain large in the memory of those who saw them, and nothing can diminish the excitement of that memory. This time around Los Angeles has earned, by default, the right to try to stage the Games its own way. For the sake of the future of the Olympic Games, everybody—the IOC, the USOC, the GAIF, athletes and fans everywhere—should all be praying that L.A. can pull it off.

END

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A close-up photograph capturing a moment of triumph as a basketball player's hands are seen tearing at the white net of a basketball hoop. The net is frayed and hangs down, with the player's fingers gripping the edges. The background is dark, with a few out-of-focus lights visible, suggesting an indoor arena setting.

This championship season turned out to be something special for a Kentucky team that knew good times and bad, while Coach Joe B. Hall chased a legend

by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

CONTINUED

It has been a long and terrible winter in Kentucky. Even now, late in March, the cattle are just getting out to pasture, and the tobacco plowing is behind schedule. It is a Tuesday, two days after Easter, and the sun is warm for the first time in months. There is not a cloud in the sky. In Plot 46 at the Lexington cemetery, under a barren oak tree, the ground remains scarred where the grave was dug almost four months ago; after this rugged winter it will take a while for the grass to grow in. But all things heal in time. Adolph Rupp, interred in this unmarked grave, would have admitted that. The seasons pass, legends are buried, but always the scarred earth turns green.

At the head of Rupp's grave is an arrangement of Easter lilies. A mile away in downtown Lexington the citizenry is celebrating another resurrection. Yes, this has been a winter to remember in Kentucky. The snow kept coming and the Baron died, but when the folks talk about this winter, they will speak of it as the one in which, after a 20-year lapse, the boys brought the NCAA basketball championship back to their old Kentucky home.

The University of Kentucky team that is being cheered and cheered at Memorial Coliseum in Lexington was in deep trouble twice; near the end of the regular season and in the first round of the NCAA tournament. A couple of times Joe B. Hall, the team's 49-year-old coach, had to all but pistol-whip his players to whet their competitive fervor. But the boys won. And now they have come home as heroes, not only to the 15,000 fans in the arena and the 7,000 others clustered outside, listening over the P.A. system, but also to the team's followers in Berea and in Pikeville, in Wolf Coal and in Wax. Kentucky basketball is no mere college-town love object; the team



Hall's gamble on Cowan (40), Covey (20) and Williams (right) surpassed Florida State.

and its games are a statewide mania.

For half a century grown men have craved over Wildcat defeats, and in victory they have often done the same. The country's largest basketball facility, 23,000-seat Rupp Arena, is in Lexington; every ticket is sold for every game. On nights when the Big Blue plays, Kentuckians who have never actually seen the Wildcats in person refuse to move out of earshot of their radios. Some tape each game. Others keep scrapbooks. There is a woman living outside of Lexington who considers it a sacred duty to bake cupcakes for the Wildcats whenever they go on the road. Basketball is almost a religion in Kentucky. Hall speaks of "Wildcat Fever."

Hall had the fever bad as a boy in Cynthia, Ky. The son of the county sheriff, he spent his youth dreaming of and working toward the day when he would play for Kentucky. While a Boy Scout, he ushered at Wildcat games and then raced home to practice shooting and to lift weights fashioned out of concrete-filled coffee cans fastened to broomsticks. He ran four miles a day, studied diligently, earning the highest grades of any boy in Cynthia High, and was class president four straight years as well as captain of the basketball team. When he en-

tered the university, it was his misfortune as an aspiring basketball player to arrive in the era of the Fabulous Five (Alex Groza, Ralph Beard, Kenny Rollins, Wah Wah Jones and Cliff Barker). Still, he worked hard, during one stretch struggling daily from his hospital bed to practice despite a sprained right ankle and



an infected left foot. But the talent ahead of him was just too good. He transferred to Sewanee, where he became the basketball captain and set a single-game scoring record of 29 points.

Hall returned to Kentucky as Rupp's assistant in 1965, and he took over as head coach in 1972, when the Baron reached the mandatory retirement age of 70. At the time a lot of Kentuckians thought Hall would again fail to measure up to the university's standards. Rupp's retirement was painful for Wildcat fans; he had won four NCAA, one NIT and 27 SEC championships, and what replacement could be expected to do anywhere near that well? Rupp certainly thought he was irreplaceable. When it became clear in 1971 that Hall was going to succeed him the following year, the old coach became more irascible than usual. Kevin Grevey, a freshman then, remembers that when Hall blew his whistle at practice one day to correct a mistake, Rupp jumped all over his assistant. "Coach Rupp said, 'Don't you ever blow your whistle and stop one of my practices again,'" recalls Grevey. "He embarrassed Coach Hall in front of all the players." That year Hall drove Kentucky's freshmen to a perfect season and they played several games before sell-out crowds in Memorial Coliseum. Meanwhile, Rupp instructed the managers who officiated the daily scrimmages between the varsity and freshmen to make sure Hall's team never won. It was

Kentucky's version of the Civil War, and Rupp's shadow loomed over Hall throughout the years. Although Kentucky averaged 21 victories during Hall's first five seasons as head coach, he began the '77-'78 campaign with the discomfiting knowledge that a lot of Kentuckians would be dissatisfied with anything less than the NCAA title. His "hate file," a collection of crank letters he had received, was swelling. He would either do his job or lose his job.

Saturday, Oct. 1—We start practice in two weeks, and everybody wants to know if we are going to win the NCAA! We can be good, but I don't know how good. I do know a lot of fine teams have failed to go all the way. We have almost everybody back from last year's squad, which lost in the Eastern Regional final to North Carolina, and we've picked up Kyle Macy, who transferred from Purdue. The nucleus of our team is our four seniors: Rick Robey, Mike Phillips, Jack Givens and James Lee. But in basketball your strength often becomes your weakness. Seniors tend to be satisfied. If we get complacent and don't work hard every day, we don't have the talent to win. I'm going to have to find a way to keep them happy; maybe I should say they are going to have to find a way to keep me happy.

Discipline has always been part of Hall's technique. At Regis College in Denver, where he was coach from 1960 through 1964, he would check the players' rooms; if anybody was missing, Hall would leave a dime on his bed so the player could call him when he got in.

At Kentucky, Hall has stayed a step ahead of potential recalcitrants. During his second season he suspended his best player, Grevey, for one game after he visited his room late one night and found him absent.

"He lets the players know from the start that it's going to be tough," says Grevey, now a member of the NBA. Bullies. On the night Hall visited Grevey's room, Hall stayed—and Grevey stayed away until Hall left. That was at 6:30 a.m. For the rest of that season the players called Hall "Goldlocks" and "Papa Bear" and kept asking Grevey, "Who's been sleeping in your bed?"

So many fans wanted to honor the team that thousands were turned away at the doors.



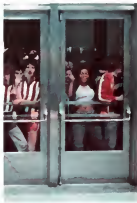
Lee had just the right stuff to finish Duke.

"If a kid just wants to have a good time, I don't think Kentucky's for him," says Grevey. "But if he's a good player, he'd be a fool not to go there. I went through it, and I loved it. It made me a better person. And I still managed to have a good time."

Monday, Oct. 10—I thought our season turned around last year when I suspended Mike Phillips, Truman Clayton and Jay Shidler for missing curfew just before our tournament in late December. Until then we had been undefeated, and I thought we could be the best team in the country, but after that we never really recaptured our intensity or played up to our capabilities. But I'm not sorry I did it. It may have hurt us last year, but I know it will help us this year and in the future.

What we try to do at Kentucky is stop the little things so we don't have to worry about something big happening. The players say, "Gosh, if he gets up at 6 a.m. and runs us for cutting class, what will he do to us if we come in at 3 some morning?" I really doubt if other schools have as few problems as we have. A lot of them don't have rules, probably because they can't enforce them. They've given up. We beat those teams.

continued



Each season before the regular schedule begins, Kentucky plays an intrasquad game in a remote part of the state. On Nov. 15, 1977 the Wildcats travel 85 miles to Hazard, a coal-mining community. After the game a manager is standing under a basket holding the game ball when an elderly woman, who has picked her way gingerly through the excited crowd, appears before him. "I'm awonderin' . . ." she says shyly. "I've listened to Kentucky basketball all my life. Could I touch that there ball?"

Thursday, Nov. 3—I got mad and sent them all home early from practice today. They didn't feel like working. Last season we didn't have one bad practice. But this year we get to coolin' it at times. After about 15 minutes today, I just ran 'em out of the gym.

In the first weeks of the season, the Wildcats run their opponents out of the gym. Macy establishes himself as a regular at guard when last year's freshman sensation, Shidder, breaks a bone in his foot on the second day of practice. Thus the starting lineup is Macy and Clayton in the backcourt, and Robey, Phillips and Givens strung along the frontline, with Lee, "King of Dunk," ready to come off the bench. Robey and Phillips are both 6' 10" and weigh 230 and 240 pounds, respectively. Their opponents treat them respectfully.

The Wildcats beat SMU 110-86 in the opener, rolling to a 42-point lead before the freshmen and other reserves dissipate it. Afterward Hall is disappointed. At Kentucky you play hard for 40 minutes, even if you have a 42-point lead. Both polls rate the Wildcats No. 1.

Saturday, Dec. 10—Kentucky defeats Kansas 73-66. At halftime Hall goes to the public address man and requests that he call for a moment of silence for Rupp, who is critically ill in the university's medical center. Rupp had entered the hospital on Nov. 9 for treatment of cancer of the spine. After the game, the Kentucky players learn that Rupp has died.

Rupp will be remembered as one of the great coaches. In 41 seasons at Kentucky he was the most dominant figure in his sport, winning 874 games. His was a large and intimidating presence.

Sunday, Dec. 11—As a player I lived in fear of Adolph Rupp, the fear that I would fail him. That helped me when I

took over as coach because I was under unbelievable pressure then. There was no halfway for me; I'd either fail totally or carry on the winning tradition of Kentucky basketball. People said the program was going to hit rock bottom. Rumors started almost immediately that I'd be fired. Some people almost wanted me to fail, because they loved Rupp so much they could not stand to think anyone could take his place. It wasn't me, it was just whoever followed the legend.

Hall has a professorial air about him. Off the court he is courteous and soft-spoken, unassuming and gracious. On the job he is a different man. When the team is winning, he is at his most demanding, driving his players, barking at them. When they are losing or tightening up, he makes do with a nod or a clap of his hands. In late December, as the Wildcats get ready to play third-ranked Notre Dame, Kentucky has a 7-6 record. So Hall is tough. In practice, Phillips has trouble finding the holes in a zone defense and makes a bad pass that promptly draws a carping response from his coach. Disgusted, Phillips slams the ball down with such force that it flies 25 feet into the air. Hall runs onto the floor. "Here, let me do that," he yells, flinging the ball down in imitation of his player. "Hail, you made the mistake. What good does that do?"

"Yes, sir," says Phillips.

Wednesday, Dec. 28—We had too many distractions at practice today. There must have been 20 people in the stands and all kinds of TV and radio folks. I had so many interviews to do that Robey had to get the drills going. Practice is supposed to be closed, but there are people connected with the program—boosters and such—who ask to come. They were all there today. Pretty soon you're not practicing, you're performing.

The visitors at practice are worth examining. At Kentucky there is a cadre of loyal supporters. Thus if Hall needs a ride to the airport, Tracy Farmer, a Cincinnati banker, is at his office door. Tim Lindgren, general manager of the Hyatt Regency in Lexington, finds hotel rooms all over the country. Coal-mine owners loan Hall their private planes for recruiting trips. Cecil Dunn puts his law prac-

tice in cold storage during the basketball season and handles the coach's administrative chores. Andy Palmer, an attorney on Governor Julian Carroll's staff, has a special doorknob in the UK basketball office on which he hangs his coat late each afternoon. Dr. Roy Holclaw, a Lexington dentist, passes out Wildcat Slush, a frozen fruit concoction, to the players after games. He has an auto license plate that reads GO NO. 1 UK. The team physician is Dr. V. A. Jackson, age 71, who moved his practice to Lexington from Clinton, Ky., to be closer to the Wildcats. His automobile horn is rigged so that it sounds the first few bars of the Kentucky fight song, and Kentucky fans know that a Wildcat victory is assured when Dr. Jackson jumps off the bench to hug a cheerleader.

Friday, Dec. 30—On the day before the Notre Dame game, 9,000 fans show up in Louisville's Freedom Hall to watch Kentucky practice. One zealous female fan sneaks up behind Robey and snips off a lock of his hair.

Saturday, Dec. 31—Just before his team takes the floor against Notre Dame, Hall addresses the players in the locker room. "I got to believe, the way you beat 'em last year [Kentucky won 102-78] they're going to be super fired up," he says. "They're going to come at you physically, and they're going to try to intimidate you. But they're not as tough as you. I know this, they don't have toughness in their bellies the way you have. You can sustain yours, and I don't think they can. You're going out there stomach to stomach, chin to chin, and it's going to be hard but you're going to do it. Let's go."

If this sounds like Knute Rockne stuff, so be it. Hall believes in it, and his players respond to it. At some schools, if a coach gave such a speech the players would break out laughing. At Kentucky, they break out clapping.

The Wildcats beat Notre Dame 73-68. Afterward, Hall is effusive in his praise. He tells the players they can stay out until 12:15 that night, so "you can get a New Year's kiss and get back to the dorm and get your rest."

The previous day Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps, a snappy dresser, had described for reporters the suit he would be wearing during the game. A silk and wool blend, said Digger. Hall wears an unfashionable polyester ensemble, with red stitching on the lapels and pockets.

continued



"Dick Cavett introduced me to the white rum martini."

"I first met Dick when we were both in a whacky off-Broadway play in a theatre so small, the cast out-numbered the audience.

One night during the play's very, very, very brief run, Dick insisted that I (a gin man) order a drink I'd never tried before — a white rum martini. 'This will strike you as heretical,' he said, 'but you may like it better than your beloved gin'.

I've stayed with the white rum martini ever since. It has a smoother, cleaner taste than the gin variety. I have also discovered that white rum mixes beautifully with tonic, soda and orange juice.

Today, I'm a journalist, Dick's doing his new

TV show and, happily, we're still pals. We've noticed that a lot of people are now asking for white rum instead of gin or vodka. Well isn't that how it always goes? When a good thing comes to off-Broadway, it usually finds its way uptown."

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and a corny tie with the map of Kentucky embroidered on it. Walking out of Freedom Hall after the victory, he has the stride of a man who thinks himself as natty as Beau Brummell. His Wildcats are closing out 1977 as the top-ranked team in the country, and it feels good.

Kentucky opens its SEC schedule on Jan. 2 with a 72-59 victory over Vanderbilt in Rupp Arena, and five days later wins 86-67 at Florida, whose arena, nicknamed Alligator Alley, is the toughest stop in the conference. Hall is ecstatic: "Fellows, that was an awfully good win," he tells his players. "You can be proud of that one. Get yourself together. Work together. Hang together. Feel good together."

Everywhere the Wildcats play they encounter Kentucky fans. At Gainesville are Mr. and Mrs. James Burchett and their daughter Vicki, formerly of Russellville, Ky., now of Bradenton, Fla. "Dad listens to UK's games on radio, though sometimes it's faint and Spanish music interferes with it," says Vicki.

The Burchetts paid \$100 for their motel room and \$20 apiece for three tickets from a scalper, but figure they have spent their money well. "They give me a hard time where I live," says James Burchett. "But I bet they won't now. Golly, 19 points! We beat Florida by 19 points!"

Joining in the Burchetts' jubilation are two other fans. One is Steve Rardin, a Lexington news distributor, who drives to all the Wildcat games. The other is a Kentucky state police sergeant named Ron Hunt. He explains that "for security reasons" two state troopers accompany the Wildcats on every road trip. The officers use their days off and vacation time for the trips and pay their own expenses. "We've got about 800 troopers who'd be glad to do it," says Hunt.

Monday, Jan. 9—Kentucky looks invincible against Auburn. By halftime the Wildcats lead by 16 points and Givens has scored 16 himself, but Hall knows there are 20 minutes still to play. "Well, Jack, are you through for the night?" he says derisively to Givens. "Is that all for you? Shoot, that's what you've done all year. When you have a good half, I ought to just sit you on the bench, because you're no good the rest of the night!" Givens comes back with 13 points in the second half, finishes with 29 in only 31 min-

utes played and adds 10 rebounds. At halftime Robey had shouted, "This is a time to have fun." And it was. Kentucky wins 101-77.

Wednesday, Jan. 18—*I kissed Kyle Macy today. He made a mistake during practice—let his man go backdoor on him—and I jumped all over him. Macy is the sensitive sort and he went into a snail, hanging his head, so I walked over, put my arm around him, kissed him on the cheek and said, "Kyle, you know we love you." It brought him out of it. Some players you can get on, others go into a shell. What you have to do is find one you can get on so much that the others just shudder at the thought of making a mistake. Larry Johnson, who was a senior last year, was like that. He could take it. This year I've stayed on Robey and Givens. They're seniors and All-Americans. If they can't take it, who can?*

Monday, Jan. 23—After 14 victories, including half a dozen in the SEC, Kentucky loses at Alabama by the embarrassing score of 78-62. Bama Coach C. M. Newton uses a three-guard offense and gets 57% field-goal shooting to pull off the upset. Though he plays 38 minutes, Givens is held to six points. He makes only two of seven shots from the floor.

Nonetheless, Kentucky maintains its position atop the wire service polls. That does nothing to quell Hall's anxieties, which most Kentuckians dismiss as paranoia. The big blowup comes on Feb. 11 at LSU, where the Wildcats lose in overtime, 95-94, to a team they had beaten by 20 points several weeks before. Because Givens had what Hall thought was another lackluster game, Kentucky fans are starting to say that he cannot play well in the big ones. Of course, a lot of them had long ago begun saying that Hall cannot win the big ones.

Sunday, Feb. 12—Hall is fuming. On the trip to Oxford for Monday night's game against Mississippi, he tells why to Billy Reed, the sports editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal. Hall calls his team "The Folding Five" and "The Quitting Quintet" and says it could lose six more games. Givens, says the coach, is in a horrible slump and does not want the ball in pressure situations. Macy did not guard anybody at LSU, and Claytor, Shuler and Dwane Casey all took in judicious long shots. And Phillips had

only one rebound and committed four traveling violations. "We had that look in our eyes, like zombies," sputters Hall. "Blank stares. We were just not mentally alert."

Monday, Feb. 13—The Wildcats are going to the Ole Miss arena for morning shooting practice, but Casey, Lavon Williams and Freddie Cowan are late. When the tardy trio is about 10 yards from the bus, Hall tells the driver, "Shut the damn door and let's go. If they can't get here when they're supposed to, the hail with 'em." The bus drives off.

That night Hall benches Phillips and Claytor and starts a lineup that includes Tim Stephens and Williams. But no one stays in the game long. After every mistake Hall points to a substitute. He makes 17 lineup changes in the first half, and Kentucky struggles to a 64-52 win. Back home, fans get out pen and paper to write letters of dismay. Newspapers and the university mailbox are full of them. This was supposed to be the championship season. Instead, the SEC title is slipping away, and Hall is making radical moves.

Hall has long been criticized for being rash, but one quality of a superior coach is an ability to make correct snap judgments. Twenty-seven years ago Hall dated Katharine Dennis for only six weeks before he married her. Now he is being just as impulsive with his team.

Tuesday, Feb. 14—After practice, in which a couple of players get involved in a shoving match, Robey says, "We've got some moody people. I know it's a long season, but there're only five weeks to go. You can put up with anything for five weeks, especially when it can make a difference in your life."

Newspapers across the state all banner the same story: for the first time since December the Wildcats have dropped out of the top spot in the polls.

Wednesday, Feb. 15—Tonight Kentucky plays Tennessee in Rupp Arena and Hall has a new problem—ear complications from flying in an unpresurized airplane on a recruiting trip. At the noon team meal he comments to the players on the lurid newspaper stories. "The writers are trying to help us," he says. "Let's work together with them on this and see if we can't work it out."

Later he explains his motives in allowing practices to get rough and in downgrading his players to Reed and oth-

continued



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er newsmen: "I had to do something to shake them. We needed that practice yesterday. It was the first time in five weeks that we made a muscle."

That night Hall gets a different kind of encore. When he is introduced before the game, there are boos from the fans. They are extinguished when the Wildcats jump to a 49-34 lead at the start of the second half and coast to a 90-77 victory over a team that has always given them trouble.

Thursday, Feb. 16—Basketball players have slumps. It just happens. First thing you know you're down, you're flat. But the pressure here at Kentucky adds another factor. It's the kind that either makes you great or it overpowers you. It'll make you a player or run you out of the game.

People are criticizing me now, but I know my team better than anyone. I know who has the right attitude. My phone number is listed, and people call me up to tell me whom to play. There is

no way that a fan, even if he has more knowledge of basketball than I do, knows my team better than I do. I believe that greatness comes from demanding perfection. I want my pressure to supersede the pressure of the program, because then when they get out of the greenhouse and the sun hits them, they won't wilt.

Saturday, Feb. 18—Kentucky takes a wobbly step toward the SEC title with a 58-56 defeat of Mississippi State. In the locker room Hall goes over his players' mistakes and then he tells them, "Get in your rooms by midnight, and you stay in. I'm living with you the rest of the year."

Monday, Feb. 20—A victory over Alabama tonight will just about cinch the league title for the Wildcats. Kentucky explodes near the end of the first half, running off an 18-3 spurge to take a 47-31 halftime lead. Hall all but runs down the corridor to the locker room and bursts into the room. He tousles

Robey's hair affectionately and yells, "Who's going to let up? I want to know, who's going to let up?"

"Let's blow 'em out," shouts Lee.

In the second half Kentucky continues to dominate until, in the final minutes, the subs allow Bama to cut a big lead to 97-84. Afterward Hall is his crusty self, criticizing his team for lacking "the killer instinct." Then he apologizes for his outburst. "I'm just uptight," he says. "But it kills me to see you give away a lead like that."

I knew we were going to play tonight. I could see it in their eyes. I've made a little fur fly the last few weeks, but they're back now and I think they'll stay back. I feel good about the rest of our season, but this team has taught me you can't let up. A few days ago in practice James made a great play and I felt like cheering. But I just called him over and told him, "James, you know I can't brag on you." He said, "I know, Coach." I die when we're not playing, when we're not

continued



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executing, but, hey, I'm a great guy when we play like we ought to.

Hall is prophetic about Kentucky's return to top form. The Wildcats roll to successive wins over Tennessee, Georgia, Nevada-Las Vegas and Vanderbilt and finish with a 25-2 record. They win the SEC by three games.

Only a few weeks before, Hall appeared to be cracking. Actually, his outbursts were calculated, as they had been in the past and as they would be in the approaching NCAA tournament. In 1975, during an important game at Alabama, Hall benched Grevey and called him "gutless" at halftime. Grevey came back to hit the winning basket. Hall has never forgotten that incident.

But Hall does not escape the season without one more controversy. Hall's pride and joy is his team's new basketball "house," a modern and luxurious \$700,000 dormitory across the street from his office. He raised the money for it himself, and the foundation formed to supervise its construction voted to name the building after him. On March 3, the night before Kentucky plays Las Vegas, Hall is dining with Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian when he receives a phone call telling him that in the dead of night university maintenance men have removed Hall's name from a sign outside the building. The administration says proper technical procedure for naming the building had not been followed.

Tarkanian is appalled. He is aware that Hall has been under fire, but the removal of his name is too much. "What you ought to do is win the NCAA and then resign and take the Tennessee job," says Tarkanian.

Hall just smiles. Now is not the time to talk about quitting. There are three weeks to go. You can put up with anything for three weeks.

In Florida State, the Wildcats' first-round opponent in the NCAAs, Kentucky will encounter just the sort of opponent—fast and underrated—that had given it trouble.

Thursday, March 9—We beat Florida State by 40 points—97-57—last year. That right there could make it an even game on Saturday. It will hurt us and help them.

Saturday, March 11—Kentucky alumnus Bob Hardesty is distraught. He and three

friends are on their feet in Hardesty's Covington, Ky. apartment watching the Wildcats play Florida State on television, watching Kentucky fall behind 39-32 at halftime, watching as the NCAA title is being washed down the drain by a defense that is leaking first-break baskets. Then when Kentucky takes the floor for the second half, Hardesty and his friends let out a collective shriek of disbelief.

David Roos and Robert Howard are not happy, either. Roos, a science writer, is a Kentucky alumnus now living in Denver. He has called Louisville and is listening to the game on the telephone while his mother holds the receiver to the radio. Howard is a coal operator in Harlan County who has shut down his strip mine and is watching on a TV set he has installed atop a mountain to improve reception. Like the Hardesty party, Roos and Howard are stunned by Hall's starting lineup for the second half. It includes Cowan, a gangling, shy freshman who has scored in only seven games; Casey, a junior guard who has played only seven minutes in the previous six games; and Williams, a sophomore forward who, during one stretch, scored only two points in five games. At the height of Kentucky's February slump, it was this trio that was left standing dumbstruck when they were late getting to the team bus.

It is a daring move by Hall, perhaps the most daring of his career, but it pays off as the substitutes, scrambling wildly on defense, wear down Florida State. Kentucky goes on a 14-0 spurt and wins 85-76. In the locker room Hall says, "I want our All-Americans to thank the subs for keeping us in this tournament."

Sunday, March 12—We were doing nothing. Robey and Givens weren't helping us at all. They wouldn't guard a soul. The seniors were dying on the bench, but I wasn't about to let them go back in. It worked, but if it hadn't, I would have been drawn and quartered. I told the press, "I may not be smart but I'm not gutless."

Kentucky is moving on to the Midwest Regional at Dayton, where it will play Miami on Thursday night. As they prepare for the game, the Wildcats recapture their enthusiasm. At Tuesday's workout Casey has an upset stomach,

gets sick and throws up. Ten minutes later he is back on the floor. "You don't win by looking pretty," Hall yells at one point. "You win by going to work. Show some enthusiasm. Act like you want to play."

Macy certainly wants to play. The next afternoon, during a practice session in Dayton, his knee buckles. "My whole life passed before my eyes," says Hall. Macy has his knee wrapped and declares himself ready for the next night.

Thursday, March 16—Kentucky is apprehensive. Early in the day a woman asks Cowan whom the Wildcats are playing that night. Cowan cannot remember. But once the game against Miami begins, Kentucky plays with poise and assurance. It rolls to a 16-point lead at halftime and wins 91-69.

The press asks Hall if his team is out of the doghouse. "Yeah," he says. "But they know they're just right by the door. They're still on the leash."

Saturday, March 18—Minutes before Kentucky takes the floor against Michigan State in the Midwest finals, Assistant Coach Dick Parsons decides he does not like the "feel" in the locker room. "Come on," he yells. "You all look tight. Come on, Jack. You don't look loose."

Then on the dressing room blackboard Hall writes "40-40-40-120," the number of minutes of game time left for the Wildcats if they proceed to win the NCAA final.

"That's two hours of work, fellows," he says. "You can kill snakes for two hours. You can swim in the ocean and fight sharks for two hours. You can run uphill for two hours. You can do anything for two hours. And we got 40 minutes of that time today. Forty minutes."

The first half is anything but easy for Kentucky. The Wildcats have shot close to 60% during the past month. Now, befuddled by a zone defense, they shoot 40% and trail 27-22. Kentucky is so tight that it's squeaking, but Hall is not in a conciliatory mood.

"Oh for four, Claytor!" he yells at his junior guard in the locker room. He runs down the rest of the team, blasting performances, and slams his clipboard down on a table in disgust.

Then he goes to the blackboard and tells the Wildcats that he is moving Robey to the high post. As the team walks out the locker-room door, Hall mutters to another assistant, Leonard Hamilton, "We're in trouble." Hamilton suggests

that while Robey is at a high post perhaps he could set some picks for Kentucky's guards. Hall agrees to try it, and he also orders Kentucky into a 1-3-1 zone. The zone puts the Spartans on the defensive, and Robey's massive picks make Michigan State defenders commit foolish fouls. The Wildcats take the lead with 6:16 to go and win 52-49 when Macy, who has used Robey's picks with extraordinary deftness, coolly swishes two free throws with eight seconds remaining.

In the locker room Hall tells his squad, "We got 80 minutes to play. We're on our way."

The ride home tonight was great. As soon as we crossed into Kentucky on I-75, there were people all along the road holding up signs, even though it was cold and windy and it was getting dark. All the way to Lexington they were out on the overpasses and in the fields. People ask what I mean when I talk about the pressure at Kentucky. That was the pressure, right alongside the road tonight. About two years ago a widow in Hopkinsville died and left the basketball program \$42,000. No one around Lexington even knew her! She just wanted to do something for the team because it had given her so much enjoyment over the years. That's the pressure of Kentucky.

The pressure has led to problems for Hall. But the fans seem to ignore issues of this sort, and there is seldom any mention that in its zeal to win, Kentucky found itself in trouble with the NCAA over recruiting methods used in the basketball program. The NCAA—which received some press criticism for not penalizing Kentucky as harshly as other schools—limited the Wildcats to only three new scholarships in both 1977-78 and 1978-79. In its report, the NCAA said the head basketball coach "failed to report to university officials . . . this knowledge of and involvement in violations."

Sunday, March 19—Hall heads for his 160-acre tobacco farm, located between Cynthiana and Paris. He bought the spread as much for its good fishing stream as its good soil.

"Done any plowin'?" Hall asks his tenant farmer, Furman Johnson, upon arriving.

"This time last year I'd a had got the 'baccar beds planted," says Johnson, a small, wiry man with an expressive, crin-

kled face, false teeth and a battered hat.

Hall and his caretaker tour the layout, inspecting the fields, the livestock, the tobacco-curing barn, the feed barn and the pond.

"The boys had me skeered there the other day, they did," says Johnson as Hall climbs into his truck.

"Me, too," says the coach.

The rest of the afternoon Hall visits his uncle and goes fishing in a fast-running stream. He catches nothing but is content. He also stops by his parents' home, where his mother tells him not to worry about Arkansas, which Kentucky will play Saturday in St. Louis.

"They can't shoot," she says. "My best friend watched them play yesterday and said they can't hit outside." In Kentucky everybody is a basketball expert.

Thursday, March 23—You're supposed to be able to hurt Arkansas with full-court pressure, and we've worked on it all week. But we haven't been able to press anybody all year, and we don't look good doing it now. People say Arkansas is the weakest team in the field, but I don't believe it. I know that in every game in the tournament they've been up by 15 at the half. That doesn't sound weak to me. I think the key to the game is putting pressure on their forward, Jim Counce. Everybody talks about their three great players, Marvin Delp, Ron Brewer and Sidney Moncrief, but Counce is the one that passes the ball. If we can pressure him, it could take them out of their offense."

Friday, March 24—Two planes bring the Kentucky contingent to St. Louis for the final two games of the NCAA tournament, and all the fans are wearing buttons proclaiming I'M A JOE B. FAN. Before the tournament is over, someone will slap one on Hall's jacket. His will say I'M JOE B.

Insiders say Hall has a remarkable ability to sense the mood of his team, to tighten it up when it is too loose, to relax it when it is tense. Years ago, when Hall coached at Regis College, he and the team chaplain brought a go-go dancer into the locker room before a big game. Today, before the Wildcats work out in the Checkerdome, the site of the NCAA finals, Hall begins speaking somberly of the importance of the next few days. He is sitting on a training table, and as he talks he lets his

body slide absurdly over one edge. Ever so slowly he slips off the table and onto the floor, where he rolls back and forth on his back. By now the players are roaring, but they get Hall's message: go out and have a good time.

Saturday, March 25—Hall is awakened at 7 a.m. by Tombstone Johnny, a "memorial consultant" from Algona, Iowa, who drives 775 miles to see Kentucky games in Rupp Arena. He almost always calls Hall on the morning of a game. The two times he didn't this season, Kentucky lost.

The Wildcats have a 9:30 a.m. shooting practice at the Checkerdome, where the players discover that one of the baskets is too low. NCAA officials scurry to fix it, while the Wildcats clown around, pointing an unattended television camera at each other.

Five hours later Kentucky is back in the arena and deadly serious as it huddles in its locker room, waiting for Duke to fight off a late Notre Dame rally and win the first of the semifinals. The players mark time by passing around the game ball. Macy stretches his stiff knee. Trimmer Walt McCombs completes his pregame chores by dousing a towel with something called Florida Water, an aromatic substance that is used to freshen up players during time-outs. Hall walks in and calmly begins tearing apart the game program, whittling it down to manageable thickness. As always, he will carry it like a relay runner's baton throughout the game.

After 20 minutes of play, Hall is not so restrained. After falling behind 12-8, Kentucky takes a 24-18 lead, rattling Arkansas with a tenacious man-to-man defense that denies passes everywhere but out of bounds. However, Hall is angry because in the closing moments of the half the Cats frittered away all but two points of their lead.

His face red, Hall tears off his coat and berates Clayton and Phillips. "All you got to do is go out there with some guts and play!" he shouts. "We haven't got a guard who can get the ball inside."

"I'm open, Coach," interjects Lee.

"I know it, James," says Hall. "But I don't have a guard who can get it to you. They throw it to Arkansas, and Arkansas goes down and shoots layups. I just by Gawd wonder what some of you are doing. Shoot, Truman. I don't know. Can you play? Can you open your eyes? Can you do something?"

continued

"Yes, sir," says Claytor, his brow furrowed contently.

Kentucky controls the second half. Its lead is six after four minutes, eight after six minutes and 54-45 with a little less than nine minutes left. The Wildcats win 64-59.

In the locker room, Hall asks the players if they want to have dinner and see a movie later in the evening.

"How about if we watch a tape of the Duke-Notre Dame game?" asks Robey.

"Yeah, let's watch Duke," other players chime in. Kentucky is here to win. When the writers enter the dressing room, they are struck by the fact that the players are not celebrating.

We watched the Duke tape tonight and everybody saw the same thing. Their zone is wide open in the middle, and their center, Mike Gmanski, will not challenge you if you get the ball inside. That's what we want to do against them. Hit the man in the middle and then take it to Gmanski.

Sunday, March 26—An Associated Press story suggests that Hall may retire after Monday night's game. But the article does not bother Hall as much as the discovery that, only a week before, 400 people had been taken ill at the Wildcats' hotel.

Every year since I've been at Kentucky there has been a story that I would be fired or that I would quit. Do you realize what that does to your recruiting? Last year at this time Brent Musburger of CBS broadcast that I was being fired. We got our athletic director, Cliff Hagan, to call him up and demand a retraction. So about two weeks later, at 3 a.m., I'm sleeping when I get a phone call. Here's the conversation:

"Coach Hall?"

"Yes."

"This is Brent Musburger. I'm sorry about that erroneous story..." (click).

Monday, March 27—Hall spends the day reading newspapers in his hotel room, flabbergasted by comments that his team does not appear to be "having fun." In 1975, when Kentucky played in the NCAA finals in San Diego, Hall spent all of his time being interviewed, while his team traipsed off on sightseeing trips to the zoo, a marine exhibit and other attractions. Wiser now, Hall has vowed to

avoid distractions. He is the only one of the final-four coaches who refused to be wired for television. And now at 3:30 p.m. he sends someone to make sure the players are resting.

Meanwhile, Kentucky fan Wilma Watson of Waynesville, Ohio is at the Dayton airport and frantic. Can she make it to St. Louis in time for the final game? No way, says the ticket agent. "But I have to be there!" she fobs. "I'm singing the national anthem." Concerned now, the agent devises a special routing that will get her to the game on time.

Late in the afternoon, just before the Wildcats are to leave for the arena, there is a knock on Hall's door. A group of eight players whom he coached 15 years ago at Regis has come to visit. Hall is touched. All day he has been reading that his Kentucky players are cold, emotionless. When he walks with the Regis delegation to the elevator his eyes are glistening.

At the arena, Kentucky's players, probably for the first time all year, appear to be more relaxed than their coach. While Notre Dame and Arkansas play in the consolation game and Wilma Watson settles into her seat, the Wildcats lounge around their dressing quarters. When someone asks Kyle Macy about the condition of his knee, he says, "It's a game knee. It's all right the day of a game. Heh, heh." Coming from the normally taciturn Macy, the comment is a speech.

Hall watches the consolation game and then walks beneath the stands toward his dressing room. Engrossed in thought, tense, by mistake he starts to enter the Duke locker room. Gene Banks, the Blue Devil freshman, and several other players look up, startled. Hall catches his mistake and heads for his team's locker room. There he goes over defensive assignments, reminds everyone to look to the middle of Duke's zone, gives Phillips a quick demonstration on how he wants him to take the ball to the basket and then writes a big "40" on the blackboard. "This is it fellows," he says as the players huddle up. "Forty minutes to glory."

Hall is toughest on his players when they are in the lead. He drives them like a jockey whipping his mount down the stretch, flailing away with his rolled-up program as Kentucky leads throughout the first half. The score mounts to 45-38 as Givens, criticized earlier in the year for not being able to play well in big games, puts in his team's last 16 points,

six of them in the final 31 seconds. But Hall is not about to let anyone relax. He charges into the dressing room right behind Williams and chews him out for his defense.

Williams says something back to him.

Hall explodes. "This is a half of a time for you to get upset, Lavon."

Then Hall starts in on Cowan and finally he blasts Phillips, who has had a woeful first half, missing all three of his shots and drawing four fouls.

His mission accomplished, Hall now stands before a team that feels as if it were losing instead of winning. He goes to the blackboard. "I guarantee you that they cannot guard you right here," he says, pointing to the middle of the Duke zone. He spends the rest of the intermission talking about technical matters until, just before the Wildcats go back on the floor, he says to Phillips, "Mike, hang in there. You may have a half of a half."

In the second half, Kentucky hits nine of its first 14 shots and has a 66-50 lead with 12:42 left. Thereafter, Kentucky plays just well enough to win. The Cats are cautious, giving up a 15-foot jump shot that Duke's Jim Spanarkel keeps firing in. A 13-point lead with 2:44 left is trimmed to four before Lee ends the game with a dunk shot. That makes the final score 94-88 in Kentucky's favor.

As the game ends, Hall wades through an engulging crowd, climbs over the press table and a railing, and goes into the stands to hug his wife. On the floor, one net is down. The players are going down to the opposite end to cut loose the other when Lee, who had been castigated almost daily during his four years at Kentucky, calls out for Hall. "Joe, Joe," he yells, but Hall does not hear him. So Lee goes into the stands and pulls Hall onto the floor. Phillips lifts the coach up on his shoulders, and Hall snips away all but one of the final strands of the net. He leaves the last one for Givens, who has scored 41 points and forever silenced his critics.

As the crowd surges around him, Hall hugs and thanks each of his players.

Mike Phillips says, "It made it all worthwhile."

Lavon Williams apologizes for his locker room back talk.

"Jay, you know I love you," Hall tells Shidler.

"We love you too, Coach," Shidler answers.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

OPENING DAY

Sir:

Caps off to Frank Deford for two superb pieces that captured the essence of baseball. *A Taste for All Us Children* (March 27) and *Spring Has Sprung* (April 10). As with eating Cracker Jack, the more you read of Deford's baseball reflections, the more you want. Now, if I could only find the print.

THOMAS M. FROEN
Johnson City, N.Y.

Sir:

I have never before written a letter to any editor, but your great articles on baseball and, especially, the humor in Frank Deford's April 10 piece on Opening Day conspired to change that. I laughed until I cried, and laughed again. Finally, quietly, I wiped away my tears. I am thankful that I have lived to see many of the wonderful characters and events that Deford described.

ROBERT M. SLATER
Green Valley, Ariz.

Sir:

As a charter subscriber I guess I've written to you once every 10 years, and each of my letters has dealt with the game of baseball. This time it is in reference to Frank Deford's story of Opening Day, specifically his footnote reference to Casey at the Bat and his question as to why "Jimmy Blake" of the third stanza became "Johnny" in the fourth. As I remember the poem—and it is one of two or three I have memorized—the lines in the fourth stanza are:

*And when the dust had lifted, and they
saw what had occurred,
There was Bluskey safe at second, and
Flynn a-huggin' third*

Blake's first name wasn't given.

JACK ROBERTS
San Gabriel, Calif.

• In his book *The Annotated Casey at the Bat*, Martin Gardner says, "Hundreds of versions of Casey have been printed, and seldom have two been exactly alike." However, he also gives the original of the ballad "exactly as it appeared" in the *San Francisco Examiner* of June 3, 1888. It was in that version that Blake was first identified as "Jimmy" and then as "Johnny," the latter name, according to Gardner, being "a printer's mistake." Ernest L. Thayer, author of the poem, later issued a revised version in which Blake was identified as "Jimmy" in the fourth stanza. The reference to "Bluskey" appears in what Gardner calls a "corrupted" version, which "introduced many changes . . . that persisted through most later printings."—ED

Sir:

The original shortstop on the Who's on First? team was not "I Don't Care." Because the routine was intended for burlesque houses where blue material was allowed. "I Don't Give a Damn" was the starting shortstop. Only when Abbott and Costello moved into family-oriented vaudeville, radio and movies was I Don't Give a Damn released (or allowed to play out his option) and replaced by "I Don't Give a Damn." Whenever this proved too strong, I Don't Give a Damn gave way to the rookie I Don't Care. Of course, I Don't Give a Damn went to Hollywood and enjoyed a memorable motion picture career teaming up with "Frankly, My Dear."

VERN FAGIN
North Hollywood, Calif.

BEHIND THE PLATE

Sir:

Congratulations and thanks to Melissa Ludtke for her fantastic feature on baseball's "men in blue" and their relationship with major league catchers (*The Despot and the Diplomat*, April 10). Once again SI has succeeded in bringing the fan closer to the game.

I realize that being the umpire is as American as the game itself, but I hope Ludtke's story will help bring the ump the respect we all know he deserves.

PALL R. POLITO JR.
Youngstown, Ohio

Sir:

After reading Melissa Ludtke's article, I'm sure that the former players and coaches who now stay close to the game by umpiring amateur baseball recognize that their problems are similar to those of the umpires in the big leagues. For baseball to remain both fun and competitive at all levels, instant replays, computers and other mechanical devices must never replace the men in blue.

GLENN PETTY
President
Pueblo Baseball Umpires Association
Pueblo, Colo.

THE RIGHT ANSWERS

Sir:

Giving us incorrect answers to a baseball quiz (*The Quiz*, April 10)? That's outrageous. It's un-American!

Question 13, Pete Rose of the Reds is an excellent switch hitter and he hit 143 home runs through the 1977 season, but this does not rank him third, behind Mickey Mantle and Reggie Jackson, on the all-time list. Surely David Nemec has heard of Roy White, who belted 149 homers.

Question 16. Although Mike Marshall has both a Cy Young award (1974) and a career

winning percentage of under .500, he is not alone. Remember Randy Jones, a Cy Young winner in 1976? As of this writing he is 63-66 (.488) lifetime.

I think Nemec should be sent to bed without his supper.

ERIK MADSEN
Iowa City, Iowa

Sir:

The answer to Question 13 is Tom Tresh, with 153 homers.

JOHN COLLIER
Scarsdale, N.Y.

• Correct. Tresh ranks third on the list of slug-ging switch hitters, ahead of White and Rose.—ED

MIZE, TOO

Sir:

In your article on Rod Carew and George Foster (*Masters in Our Midst*, April 10) you stated that only three other National League players—Hack Wilson, Willie Mays and Ralph Kiner—had hit 50 home runs in a season before Foster clouted 52 last year. Johnny Mize, playing first base for the New York Giants, hit 51 home runs in 1947, to tie Kiner for the league championship.

You are correct, however, in stating that only nine other men—besides Foster—have hit as many as 50 home runs in a season. Babe Ruth did it four times; Jimmy Fox, Mickey Mantle, Kiner and Mays each did it twice; Hank Greenberg, Roger Maris, Wilson and Mize each did it once. Foster's first 50-home-run season was probably not his last.

ROGER T. JOHNSON
Shawnee Mission, Kans.

FAVORITES

Sir:

You have doomed the Orioles again (*Scouting Reports*, April 10), and again they shall fly.

GREG HECKMANN
Louisville

Sir:

The SI staff seems to lack respect for the Dodgers and to have a fondness for making outrageous claims, such as, "The remainder of the Cincinnati lineup . . . may march en masse into the Hall of Fame" and "With the addition of [Vidal] Blue, the Gmms have a pitching staff superior even to the Dodgers."

Don't be ridiculous! The Dodgers are a very talented team and will undoubtedly do better than they did last year. And they definitely do not need luck to win, as they will prove in the 1978 World Series.

KELLY STEPHEN
Orange, Calif.

continued

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Michael D. Egan

Michael Egan
Miami Herald



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15TH HOLE continued

WHERE IS THE LACROSSE CAPITAL?

Sir,

St's knowledge of lacrosse has never been too awe-inspiring, but your article on the Hobart-Cornell game takes the cake (Cornell Stayed Down on the Farm, April 10). To trumpet Hobart-Cornell as "lacrosse's Super Bowl" is as absurd as claiming a Notre Dame-Lehigh football game to be anything more than a scrimmage. Johns Hopkins has beaten Hobart in preseason play, is unbeaten this season and has by far the toughest schedule in the country. Before you transfer lacrosse's capital up north, I suggest you wait until Hopkins and Cornell vie for the No. 1 ranking on April 15.

ROBERT DUN
Plainville, N.Y.

• Hopkins vied and lost badly. Rolling up a record 34th consecutive victory, Cornell beat the Blue Jays 16-11. In contrast, the Big Red's win three weeks ago over Hobart was a 13-11 nailbiter.—ED

HONDO

Sir,

Thanks for the fine article on John Havlicek (It's the End of a Long, Long Run, April 10). You have paid tribute to one of the finest men ever to play any professional sport. It is most significant that the article does not mention Havlicek's salary. In this day of free agents and drifting loyalties, that omission speaks volumes.

SHEVE HANLEY
Birmingham

Sir,

Although John Havlicek gets my vote for Sportsman of the Quarter-Century, I am glad to see him retire. Living in Buffalo, I have thoroughly enjoyed hating the Celtics for the past eight years. However, Hondo has always spoiled things by taking the edge off that hate. I could never bring myself to call him any of the names I used for the other Celtics. Now that he is gone, I can go to Celtics-Braves games with a clear conscience.

GREGORY R. BLAIR
Buffalo

NO SHILL!

Sir,

I enjoyed your note about New Orleans Jazz broadcaster Rod Hundley (SCORECARD April 10) until I got to the final sentence: "although pro teams like the public to think their broadcasters are independent journalists, they often regard them as little more than shills."

You qualified your statement a little with the word "often," but you didn't qualify it enough. Several of my co-workers read it the same way I did—as a blanket condemnation of all pro basketball broadcasters as pawns of their teams. I strongly resent that.

I am responsible only to the station for which I work. I try very hard to be an independent journalist while also conveying the

excitement that Washington Bullets basketball can sometimes produce. It is, quite honestly, a tough assignment. But objectivity is my prime goal; you can't fool viewers who are both watching the game and listening to your call.

Some NBA teams do consider their broadcasters no more than shills, but all sports broadcasts are required by FCC policy to include a disclaimer stating where the announcer gets his paycheck. I take great pride in the fact that the disclaimer in my case shows I am paid by my station. There are others in the NBA like me. Before you start lumping these broadcasters together with the shills, check the facts.

FRANK HERZOG
Sports Director, WTOP Radio
Voice of the Bullets
Washington, D.C.

TWO TO WATCH

Sir,

In your April 3 FACES IN THE CROWD you described Wade Blundell of Metairie, La., as a high-scoring forward on the Archbishop Rummel High School basketball team that won the state AAAA championship for the second straight time. It therefore came as a surprise to find Mitch Blum of the same city—but playing for a different high school—pictured as a member of the McDonald's All American team in an advertisement in the same issue. What were Blum's statistics, and what brought him All American honors rather than Blundell?

EMMETT JENCE
Lincoln, Neb.

• According to his coach, Blum, a 6'9", 198-pound center and forward for Metairie's East Jefferson High School (also Class AAAA), averaged 20 points, six assists, 12 rebounds and five blocked shots this season, although he played only about half of each game. As for the All American team, members of McDonald's selection and advisory committees leaned heavily on coaches' answers to the question "Name the finest senior you have played against this season." On that score, Blum was the leading vote-getter in Louisiana, and one of the leading vote-getters in the country. Blundell, who received the second-highest number of votes among Louisiana players, was also strongly considered for McDonald's team, but he lost out to exceptionally stiff competition. Readers will soon be able to judge for themselves which of the two is the better player. Blum has signed to play next season for Tulane and Blundell for Texas. Incidentally, five of the 20 McDonald's All Americans for 1978—Dwight Anderson, Devin Durrant, Greg Gorman, Reggie Jackson and Cornelius Thompson—have appeared in ST's FACES IN THE CROWD.—ED

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